

Life

NOVEMBER 18, 1926

PRICE 15 CENTS

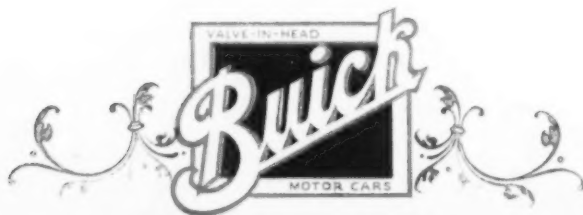


THANKSGIVING NUMBER



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

THIS interesting new Buick Coupe on the 128-inch wheelbase is already a reigning favorite in the best American homes. Its smart refinement, luxurious comfort and an engine, *vibrationless beyond belief*, have made it so.



THE GREATEST **BUICK** EVER BUILT



new experiences await you

MARMON Series 75



+ + + the highest accomplishment of twenty five years of fine car building + and at the most conservative prices in **MARMON** history

Those who have driven this new Marmon Seventy-Five say without hesitancy, that it is a car ahead of its day + never such vibrationless capability + never such a swift and silent rising tide of power + there is absolutely no faltering, no tremor, no intimation of things mechanical + it is undoubtedly the greatest car ever given the Marmon name—the newest development of Marmon's unswerving practice of holding fast to basic principles, all the while improving and perfecting them + in its entire precision-built mechanism there is not one iota of experimentation or of doubt—the most highly developed, we believe, of any American automobile + new pleasures are in store + new experiences await you

wide variety of distinguished body styles, both custom and standard + prices \$3195 and upward f. o. b. factory cars sold, if desired, on convenient credit plan + Marmon Motor Car Company, Indianapolis + +

S P O N S O R E D B Y H A R G R A F T



Your PIPE DREAMS COME TRUE

—with England's finest pipes—Ben Wades

Ben Wades are top pipes with the most particular set of pipe-smoking men in the world. The men of Oxford and Cambridge. The clubmen of London. The officers of Britain's proudest regiments.

Rich-grained, gleaming—like the hull of a scull. Sweet and mellow *from the first day on*—the “breaking” is done in the making—by a secret Ben Wade method generations old. Flowing lines, glowing finish. Beautiful from bowl to bit—a patrician pipe that will rank 'longside your pet mashie, your favorite Airedale pup or Chippendale chair—a personal treasure for your personal pleasure—eloquent of the elegance of your tastes!



BRIARS

MADE IN ENGLAND



Open Letter

DEAR Mr. Bull (I'd call you John,
Only 'twould seem a bit informal),
These cries that nations raise anon
To get all navies back to normal

Fill me with dread—I fear that you,
Striving to aid in stopping war,
sir,
Or tricked by weak-kneed retiaue,
Might scrap “H.M.S. *Pinafore*,”
sir.

We love her hull and personnel
Not only in our ports, but inland,
And learn she's idolized, as well,
From Argentina up to Finland.

That such a tragedy befall,
Heaven forfend with all four
fenders!

She is the queen of vessels all,
From dreadnaughts down to bum-
boat tenders.

Trusting you'll guard her well, I am
Your ancient kinsman, Uncle Sam.

John Culnan.

The Quintessence of Candor

“I DON'T know about you,” said St. Peter, casting a dubious eye at the newcomer, who had been Orley F. Wormser of Horizon City, Wis. “What have you to say for yourself?”

Orley fidgeted, cleared his throat, and replied:

“I have nothing to say for myself. I didn't do any good in the world. I looked out for my own interests all the time. I wasn't very nice to people, and I wasn't very kind to animals. I didn't do a thing to help develop Horizon City. I'm no good and I guess I ought to go to Hell.”

St. Peter scowled.

“That's an old trick, Orley. You can't win me over with that kind of humility. You must have done some honest things in your life.”

Orley hung his head.

“I can't recall a single one,” he mumbled.

“Well, before I send you to Hell, Orley,” cried St. Peter with severity, “I'm going to ask you one question: Did you ever visit New York?”

“Once,” said Orley wistfully.

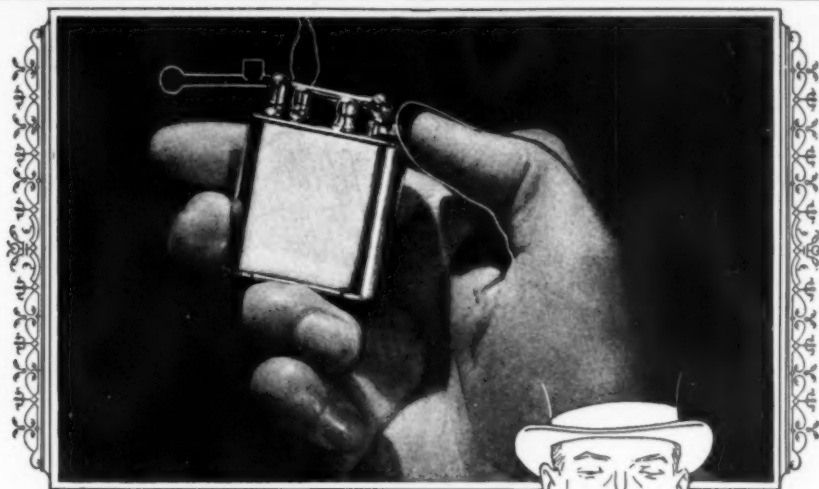
“What did you say about New York to your friends in Horizon City?”

Orley gazed straight into St. Peter's face as he cried:

“I told them that New York was a great place to visit, and not only to visit but to live in.”

The great gates swung open and Orley F. Wormser was escorted into Heaven by St. Peter personally.

Tupper Greenwald.



AT LAST—an automatic lighter! In silver, gold or leather-covered, priced according to cases. Look for the name Douglass on bottom of lighter

PRESS THE TRIGGER —there's your *Light*

Startling in its simplicity, in its precision, is the Douglass Lighter. Dealers are just now showing it. See it today.

In corners where smart smokers gather, raised eyebrows have lately been replaced by open mouthed admiration—over a new lighter.

For certain enlightened ones display upon occasion a shiny bit of silver, gold or leather covered ingenuity. They lift no gadgets, thumb no sooty wheels but, merely pressing a trigger, produce a flame which they offer with an aggravating air of superiority.

Joy has gone from the lives of chronic jokesters who smirked while one thumbed and perspired over some trick lighter that “usually works”.

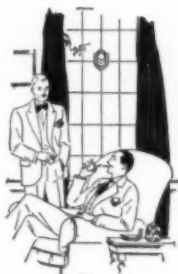
Silent now are those who taunted, “Here’s

a match”—like earlier of their ilk who shouted, “Get a horse.”

But they may be seen, one by one, inquiring at tobacconist's or jeweler's for the new Douglass Lighter.

A fascinating device indeed, needing scant attention yet serving faithfully. Sized to fit vest pocket or vanity with equal grace. And worthy of the praise its cleverness brings.

An ideal gift, withal, and being so new, there's no better time than now to add it to some smoker friend's cherished possessions.



Pardon us a moment while we talk to your dealer

Unlike any other lighter ever offered, simple in its design, perfect in its workmanship, the Douglass Lighter will be in great demand by your customers.

Write or wire to Hargraft & Sons, Wrigley Building, Chicago, for an assortment. There's no time to waste for Christmas is almost upon us, you know. The Douglass Company.

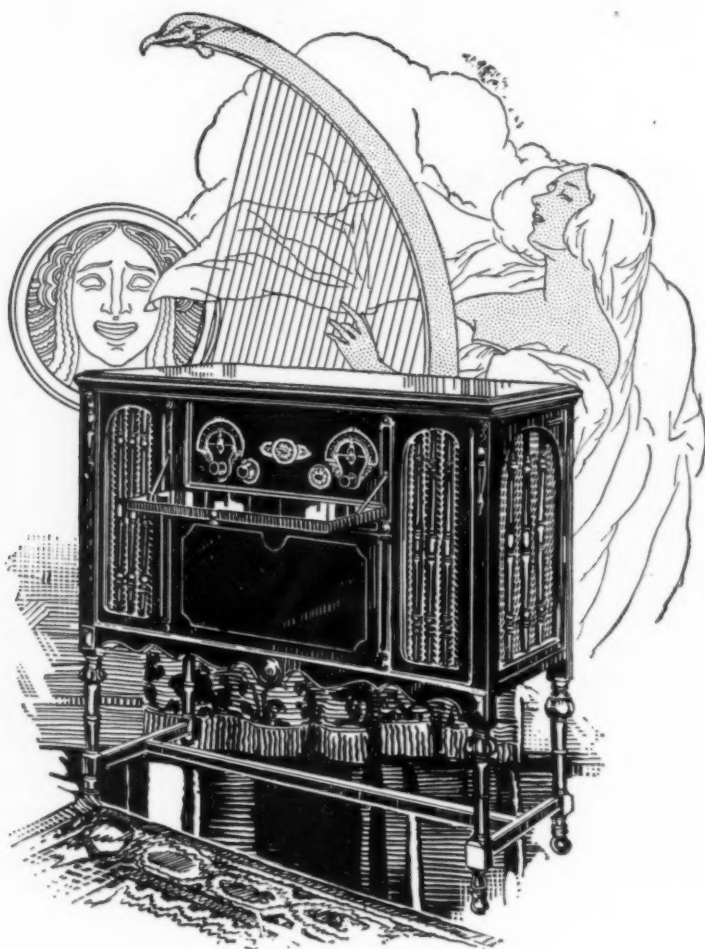
The Douglass Lighter

Sponsored by
HARGRAFT

"Thorola
Rules the Air"

Thorola DeLuxe Console 59, in which two famous Thorola speakers are incorporated and working in unison. Used with batteries or Power Operated. The ideal combination of cabinet beauty \$185 and Radio efficiency. Other models, \$60 and \$125

*Prices slightly higher
west of Rockies*



Two Built-in Speakers *working in unison*

make radio a delight to owners of this beautiful set. The difference in reception will astonish you. Thorola Cone Speaker catches all the low notes; Thorola Horn Speaker brings out the high ones, all those finer tonal qualities

that elude a single-speaker set.

This is the exclusive feature that has caused Thorola to break all records in advanced radio reception. Thorola is the only receiver with this delightful new Horn and Cone speaker combination.

REICHMANN COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.

RMA

Thorola

Life



"WHATTA WE GOT TO BE THANKFUL FO'—'AT'S WHAT I WANTS TO KNOW."

"WELL—THEY'S LOTS WORSE OFF 'N WHAT US IS. US CAN THANK GAWD FO' THAT."

The Studio Café

"SO I been waiting in his office to see him since last Tuesday...everybody admits she's a rotten actress but still she draws down five thousand a week...just call Hollywood 7000 and ask for Al...so after Lasky told me my work had saved the picture...then the boy busts through the door just when the heavy's makin' the girl...instead of bringing all these people from Europe, if they'd just give me a chance...I'm gonna wait outside the studio and when that so-and-so-and-such-and-such buttonhole-maker comes out to get in his car, I'm gonna bust him one so hard that...as soon as Hortense gets out of jail you and I'll go over to her apartment and...I've worked one day since last Christmas but I'm not a bit discouraged...no money but I'll give you a note and my equity in a beach club membership...ask anybody who knows—I really wrote 'THE BIG PARADE'...I called him this morning like he told me but his secretary said he was in Europe...I give a great performance; the rest of the picture's impossible...just till Monday, old boy, then I'm sure to get something in Cruze's new picture...if you really want to know who shot him..."

Robert Lord.

A READING of the smoking tobacco ads. leads to the impression that gentlemen prefer blends.

Sonnet

To a Young Lady with Fashionable Finishing-School Handwriting

I LOVE the notes you send me every week
In rose-lined envelopes of foreign brand,
And always do my best to understand
The precious message that I'm sure you seek
To send me, in those cryptic lines oblique;
I gaze enraptured at your charming hand,
Feeling that each quaint pen-stroke there must stand
For something quite enchantingly unique.

The many underlines, the dots like o's,
The way you make page 2 become page 4,
And write across the page (or up) and close
At the beginning—all these I adore:
But with your letters there's one thing I need—
In each, a copy, typed, that I can read.

Don Gray.

The Final Decision

"DO you love the girl?" asked her father.

"Good gracious," cried the practical young man. "Do you think for a minute I'd mortgage my future happiness, my social aspirations, my business hopes and my investment program, my shekels and my salary, if I didn't have the firm conviction that I'd never be satisfied without her to help me, prod me, spur me, advise me, pity me, bore me, pep me up and egg me on?"

"No," sighed the father, shaking his head sadly. "But you can't have her, my boy. You talk too much like a man who's had something to do with women before."

J. A. S.



"MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER CAME OVER ON THE MAYFLOWER."
"DID HE BRING ANY SCOTCH?"



Boss Riveter: HOW CAN ANYBODY EXPECT US TO WORK WITH THAT NOISE GOING ON?

The Gay Pretenders

HE (*who has never read a line of Voltaire*): Of course, there's a rhythm and glowing spontaneity about Voltaire that you get nowhere else, isn't there?

SHE (*who has never read a line of Flaubert*): Well, I suppose so—but I've always considered Flaubert his master. You must admit his glorious daring and superb stylistic coordination, if you know what I mean.

HE (*who has never read any of the Russian authors*): I grant you that, but, after all, none of the Frenchmen is in it with the Slavic giants. Take Tolstoy, for instance—the sheer, indomitable beauty of his “Kreutzer Sonata”; that serene but hopelessly grim acceptance of a malevolent destiny that you get in Dostoevsky and Turgeneff!

SHE (*who has never heard of them*): Ah, that's true. They always seem to me sublime in their complete detachment from materialism and resolute devotion to an impossible ideal. One who has not

read them cannot know life in its tragic but delicious fullness!

HE (*enthusiastically*): Exactly! Do you know, Katrina, I don't think there's anything in the world more delightful than the companionship of cultured minds!

SHE (*with equal warmth*): What, indeed, could be more so, Clarence?

Lloyd Mayer.

Cured

MRS. DILL: And does your husband forget to mail your letters, too?

MRS. HILL: Not any more. I now put them in his hip pocket along with his flask.

Our Daily Bread

GIVE thanks, O people of this land

From Bellows Falls to Albuquerque,
Give thanks because there is at hand
A plentiful supply of turkey.

Give thanks, beloved people, too,
Give thanks for this celestial blessing:

That there should be for all of you
Considerable chestnut dressing.

Give thanks for mashed potatoes' sake,

For cider, cranberry sauce, new peas,

Ice cream, plum pudding, chocolate cake—

Give thanks, dear folk, for all of these.

And last of all, when dinner ends
(For now my hymn has reached its coda),

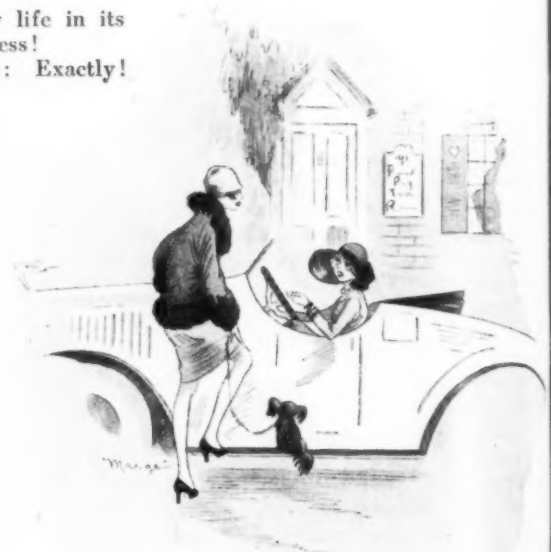
I know you'll offer thanks, my friends,

That there's bicarbonate of soda!

Norman R. Jaffray.

The Younger Set

“GREAT heavens, John, phone for the doctor at once! The baby has swallowed her night key.”



“FATHER IS GETTING SIMPLY impossible! HE HAD THE NERVE TO ASK FOR THE CAR THIS MORNING! IMAGINE!”

Proclamation

LET us give thanks,
Because noxious Puritanical customs and regulations have at last been stamped out in our great and glorious nation, all blue laws erased from the books and the Day of Rest given over to those pursuits that seem most fitting to each individual;

Because there no longer exist organizations which attempt to dictate the modes of living and private morals of a supposedly free and intelligent citizenry and there is no disposition on the part of fanatical cliques to force hateful laws down the throats of the majority;

Because hypocrisy and bribery have entirely disappeared from the nation, leaving it a country in which the best must invariably come to the top;

Because hostile denominational factions, hooded orders to instill racial hatred and narrow sectarian points of view have vanished;

Because that great organ of public opinion, the Press, is concerned today only with issues of vital importance and no longer gives space in its columns to murders, kidnappings, sex tangles, breach of promise suits, desertions by young brides of senile husbands, and thinly disguised filth in general;

Because the public at large has become so educated that it gives its interest solely to such matters as plans for world peace, better government and the improvement of the race, rightly comprehending that such trivial items as (see latter part of preceding paragraph) are ephemeral and unworthy of any comment;

Because the United States of America is the only One Hundred Per Cent. faultless nation in this best of all possible worlds,

And because, having got the above off my chest, I am tickled silly to see that I can still lie like hell with a straight face.

Tip Bliss.

The Important Thing

ENGLISHMAN (*proudly*): The first game of cricket was played in England in the thirteenth century!

AMERICAN: Who won?

THE only thing you can do at Thanksgiving dinner is to hope for the breast.



Little Willie (at fashion show): WHO WINDS THEM UP, MAMA?

Line Against Line

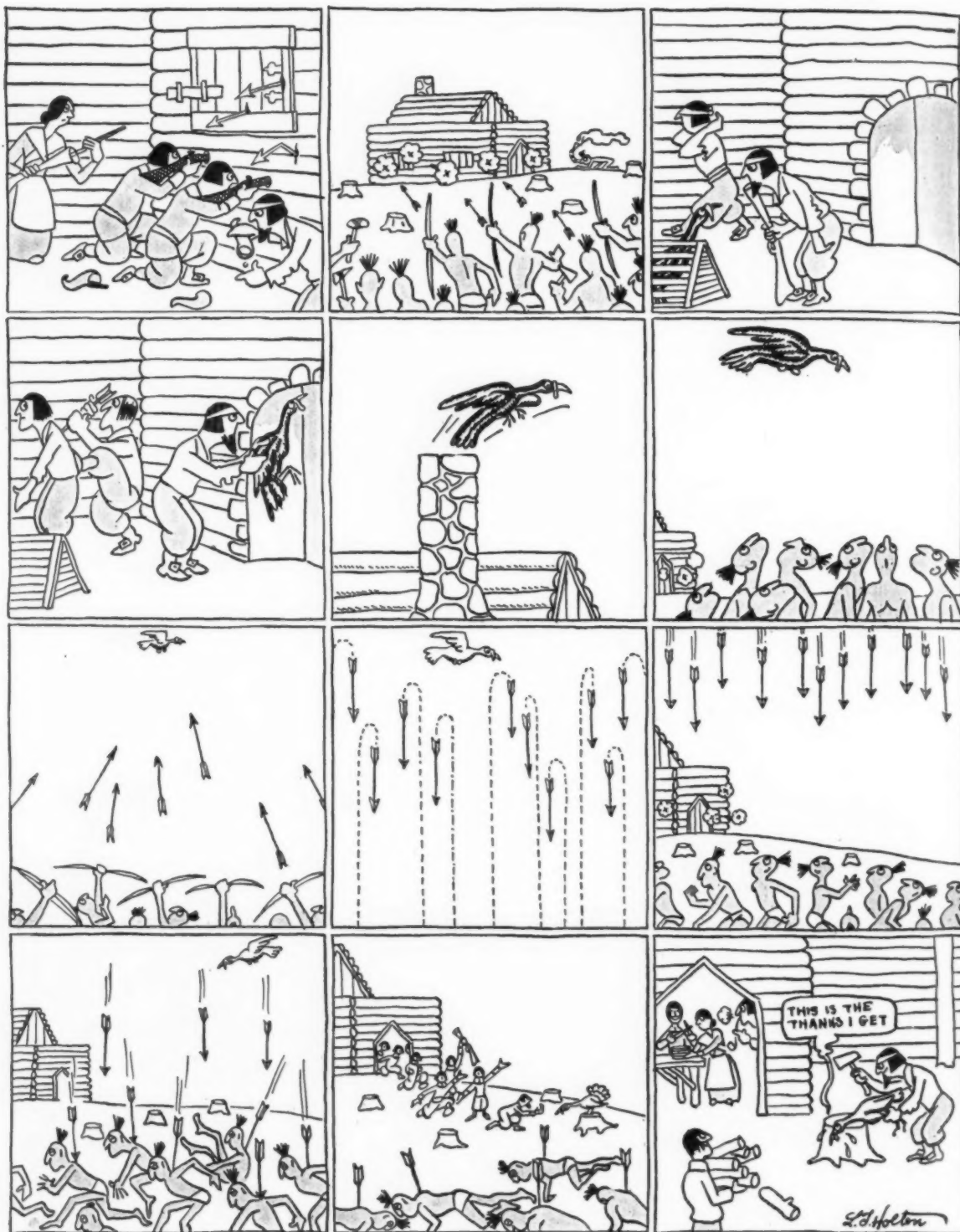
TOO many cooks spoil the broth.
 A stitch in time saves nine.
 Nothing venture, nothing have.
 The more, the merrier.
 A penny saved is a penny earned.
 A soft answer turneth away wrath.
 There is honor among thieves.

Many hands make light work.
 It is never too late to mend.
 Look before you leap.
 Two's company—three's a crowd.
 Penny wise and pound foolish.
 Soft words butter no parsnips.
 Set a thief to catch a thief.



The True Sportsman

"WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY! LET'S GO OUT AND SHOOT SOMETHING."



The Indian Massacre

WHY THE HUMBLE TURKEY IS OUR NATIONAL THANKSGIVING DISH.

Life

Life



Lines

DR. ALLAN CRAIG, Chicago surgeon, says that a man's body is worth, chemically, ninety-eight cents. This explains woman's hitherto inexplicable fondness for man.

Among the prominent concerns paying money for Queen MARIE's endorsements appears to be the United States of America.

We're all going to live to be one hundred years old, says Prof. IRVING FISHER. Oh, so the Government has quit poisoning our alcohol, has it?

At the University of British Columbia is a hen which has produced 348 eggs in a year. This is a stinging rebuke to cynics who contend that a college education doesn't pay.

Scientists who recently observed Mars at close range concluded the Martians were having summer. That seems to have been a pretty good guess, although those white marks they saw might not have been detour signs.

With the United States Marines guarding the mails, we shall have to think up some other excuse as to why that check to the Internal Revenue Department never did get in.

Commissioner of Health NICOLL of New York declares physicians should get in closer touch with their clientele. We trust this advice will not be taken too seriously by the osteopaths.

Medical science has developed so amazingly within the past few years that it is now almost impossible for a doctor to find anything all right about a patient.

"WEATHER FORECAST—Thunder showers Friday probably followed by Saturday."

—*Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat.*
The weather prophet plays safe!

Don't think that the tabloid editors haven't their worries. Just suppose that PEACHES came back to DADDY BROWNING on the same day a verdict was reached in the HALL-MILLS case and the AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON mystery was solved!

The Government probably will consent to the consolidation of SEARS, ROEBUCK and MONTGOMERY WARD if the parties will promise not to combine their catalogues.



After the Cave-in

"SURE, KELLY—YOU'LL GET IT FOR THIS—THAT WAS THE ONE WALL WE WUZ ORDERED TO LEAVE STANDIN'."

Couldn't Stand Prosperity

"TIM'S a bad egg, all right."

"Tim wasn't so bad till he got rich robbing mail-trucks! Money will ruin anybody."

"THIS may hurt you a little," said the absent-minded dentist as he handed the patron his bill.



"AND CAN YOU IMAGINE IT? LITTLE FIFI, HERE, TRYING TO BITE ME JUST BECAUSE I FORGOT TO PUT THE SALTS IN HER BATH."

 L I N E S T O A G I R L ' S H E A D

Dear girl Dear
 of mine, thy hair girl of mine,
 is like the Summer, thy hair is like
 so soft, so sweet, so pleasant the flowers, so
 to my touch; I always was plumb rich, so exquisite
 dippy over such. I love you, dear, you against my lips,
 really are a hummer. If love were dumb like luscious gold
 I'd keep on getting dumber. That's how I love spun out in fairy
 you, dear, but not how much. Should I tell all strips. Why, dear,
 I'd rate the booby-hutch and then I'd lose you to I just could chew
 some darned newcomer. Such precious hair! So silken the stuff for hours.
 and so blest! I know its roguish magic in my dreams (the cat What though the
 was up here sleeping on my chest). How fine and irresistible sky be all smear-
 it seems! (I never would in all this world have guessed how ed up with showers?
 much you owe to permanents and creams.) Dear girl of mine, Thy captivating
 thy hair is sheer perfection, so fresh, so fair, so ravishing and mane with sunlight
 bright; so captivating, dear, so full of light, my heart is up- drips, and thus
 side-down with genuflection. If I'm all wrong I'll bow to your correc- I hold it in my
 tion, but you're too modest, dear; I *know* I'm right in every line and finger tips; I'll
 word that I recite. You see, I wrote the book in this connection. take it as the best
 Such pleasing hair! So bonny, so benign, so absolutely right in of wedding dowers.
 tone and form, that mop of yours, sweetheart, is just divine. Why Such comely hair!
 all these words of love that surge and swarm if I don't think Dear Entrancing as
 your dome a supershrine? Huh? I'm not ranting just to keep me girl of the breeze car-
 warm. Dear girl of mine, thy hair is like the singing of mine, thy essing gently
 some clear brook play-dancing down a glen and flinging face is oh! some far
 sunlight every now and then, its sparkling waves with so pretty; the southern
 happy laughter ringing. All this is on the level, throne of beauty; isle, that
 dear, and I'm not stringing, mine is an ab- dimpled, winsome, sweet. threads
 solutely truthful pen. You think I'd Its lines are so symmetrical and its velvet
 spill this stuff to *any* wren? neat; the fairest in our large and grow. magic
 There's truth in every drop of *ing city*, I'll tell the universe that reads through
 ink I'm slinging. Enchanting *my ditty*. What though thy nose got *mussy* the trees
 hair! Incomparably right! in *the heat*, the red upon thy *lips too* and brings
 Its luring, subtle gla- nearly meat? I know the drug *store's closed*, dear dreams
 mor has me hypped. and more's *the pity*. A pleasing *face!* When- to ravish and
 I dream about it ev- e'er I see its smile my spirit *soars on wings* beguile. (Sit
 ery blessed night. of pure delight. A face of such *extraordinary* quiet, dear!
 (What's this I hear style, with eyes so wonderful, so dreamy bright, You twist
 about peroxide dipt? and lips that I could kiss mile after mile. and make
 They say that lack- (Why is it when I kiss I want to bite?) Dear me sneeze.
 ing that your hair's girl of mine, thy face is like a jewel; a Your tres-
 a sight. Crabap- priceless pearl is every priceless tooth! ses itch my
 plesauce! I don't Thy face is *radiant with* the glow of nose and
 believe I'm truth; my soul's *aglow with* fire and you're cramp my
 gypped.) the fuel. You're kinda mean at times but style.)
 never cruel, so full of all the sorcery of youth;
 I'll spill the word *you're absolutely* couth!
 I'll get you yet, by *theft or heck* or duel.
 A charming face! So *gentle and* so dear!
 Delightful lips! Bewitching, velvet skin!
 The best in all this *world*; not one
 compeer. Your smile's a *smile*, sweet.
 heart, the rest just grin~
 I'll kiss thy smiling lips
 right now and here and
 chuck my darling
 underneath
 her chin.

The Spirit of the Day

SO we decided that we'd have a real old-fashioned Thanksgiving this time. You know, so many of us overlook the real spirit of the day—I mean the Pilgrim Fathers with their piety, and faith, and that sort of thing—we kind of get out of the spirit of that. So we decided on a real old-fashioned Thanksgiving.

But it seemed I simply couldn't get Clarice up before nine, so we had to miss the morning services. We shouldn't have gone 'way out to Mt. Auburn to see the Wilkinses the night before, I guess, but we'd been promising them for so long. . . . Anyway, by the time we had breakfast and got the kiddies dressed I figured it would be too late for church, so I just suggested that we hear the service over the radio. Because, after all, it's the spirit of the thing—I always say a man can worship just as well in his own home. The static, though, was bad, and by the time I got that cleared up, Ed Wilkins dropped in, and it hardly seemed right to be drinking there with the service going on, so we just shut it off for a while. And by the time

Ed left the service was pretty nearly over—the Reverend was just offering up the prayer for the success of the football team.

Well, I always feel a man ought to be out in the open a day like Thanksgiving—healthier, you know—and keeping fit is religion, too, as that Kiwanis speaker said. So by that time it was time for us to start for the stadium, and we had to pass up the special \$2.50 Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving Dinner at the hotel, but we did manage to grab a sandwich, and we were lucky enough to get to the game by the end of the first quarter.

So, you see, outside of a few slips, we had a real old-fashioned Thanksgiving, and anyway, as I said to Clarice, it's the spirit of the day that counts.

L. C. Beutel.

Harvard Scouts Vassar Eleven

LINE is exceptionally strong. Has great ability for charging. Weak on one end but very good on their feet.

Tackles are fearless. Will go after anything from lamb chops to pigskin.

Guards are slow but sure. They know too much.

Center is passing fair. Backfield players are well protected by their line.

The quarterback shows more speed than her running mates.

The halfbacks, however, are fast enough.

The entire team reveals the best of form.

Russell Wilks.

Robbery

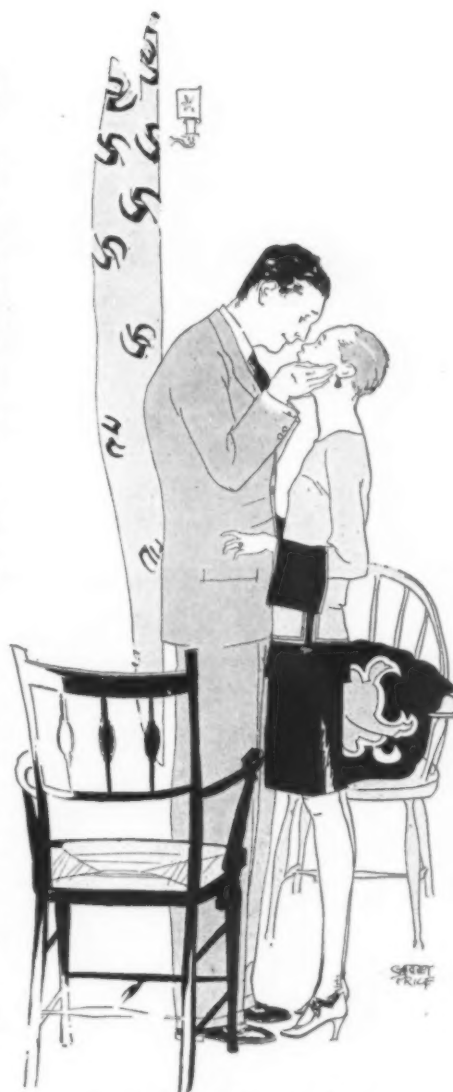
PROPRIETOR OF SMART NIGHT CLUB: What's that patron up front kicking about?

CAPTAIN OF WAITERS: He claims one of the waiters overcharged him. Charged him ninety cents instead of eighty cents for a glass of ice water.



A Prophecy

WHEN PEOPLE BECOME MORE STUPID, TABLOIDS WILL BE SMALLER.



Having Her Face Lifted

Two Blurb Writers Hear a Good Story

"DARING!"

"Delicious!"

"A series of chuckles!"

"Teems with rich adventure!"

"Bubbles over with pungent dialogue!"

"Vigorous, colorful!"

"Monumental!"

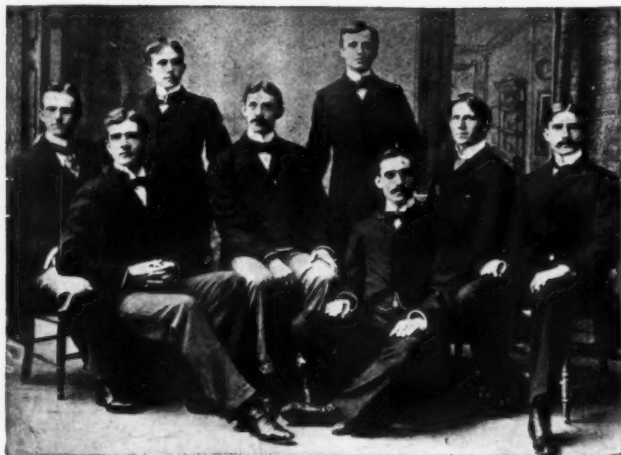
"A significant portrayal!"

"Strong, powerful, primitive!"

"Runs the whole gamut of human emotions!"

"It's great. Say, here's one about a Pullman car. Stop me if you've heard it."

W. W. Scott.



Picture No. 1

CALVIN COOLIDGE (AT EXTREME LEFT)



Picture No. 2

GEORGE M. COHAN



Picture No. 3

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS



Picture No. 4

THE PRINCE OF WALES



Picture No. 5

CONSTANCE (LEFT) AND NORMA TALMADGE



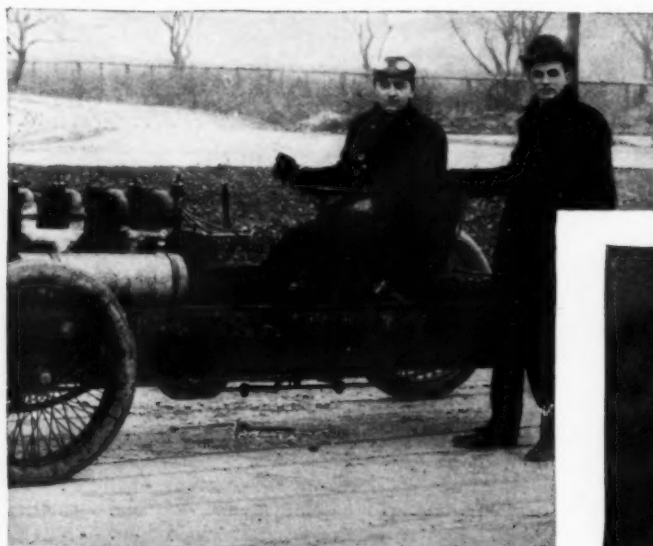
Picture No. 6

GENERAL PERSHING



Picture No. 9

KING ALFONSO OF SPAIN



Picture No. 8

HENRY FORD (AT RIGHT)



Picture No. 7

JOHN J. MCGRAW

Bad Guesses

THE great majority of contestants went wrong on Douglas Fairbanks and on John McGraw. With the exception of the Talmadge sisters, every one of the prominent people was named by some contestants as Charles G. Dawes.

Following are some of the wrong identifications that the Gay Nineties Contest produced:

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE was identified as Charles G. Dawes and Harry Thaw.

GEORGE M. COHAN as Kaiser Wilhelm, Al Jolson, Newton D. Baker, John Philip Sousa, W. G. McAdoo, Harry Lauder, Theodore Roosevelt, Paul Whiteman, George Creel, Fritz Kreisler, Woodrow Wilson, Irving Berlin, Eddie Rickenbacker, Arthur Brisbane and Field-Marshal Von Hindenburg.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS as Babe Ruth, the Duke of York, Jack Dempsey, Bernarr Macfadden, Billy Sunday, Eugene Sandow, Harry Sinclair, "Red" Grange and Ty Cobb.

THE PRINCE OF WALES as David Belasco, Gene Tunney, William S. Hart, Secretary Wilbur, George Ade, Luther Burbank, Tex Rickard, Earle Sande, Rudolph Valentino, Sir Thomas Lipton, Fatty Arbuckle, H. L. Mencken, Clemenceau, Harry Thaw, Tom Mix, H. P. Whitney, De Wolf Hopper and Lon Chaney.

THE TALMADGE SISTERS as the Dolly sisters, the Langhorne sisters, Mrs. Frederick Grant and Mrs. Potter Palmer, and Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith.

GENERAL PERSHING as General Custer, Admiral Sims, P. T. Barnum, Admiral Dewey, Nathan Hale, General Sherman and Marshal Foch.

JOHN MCGRAW as William R. Hearst, Jack Kearns, Mayor Walker, D. W. Griffith, Senator Reed, King Alfonso, Will Rogers, Judge Landis, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Will Hays, Samuel Gompers, Secretary Mellon, "Pussyfoot" Johnson, Flo Ziegfeld, Imperial Potentate Evans (of the K. K. K.), De Wolf Hopper, Charles M. Schwab, Al Smith, William Green, Tex Rickard, Elbert H. Gary, E. L. Doheny, Stanley Baldwin, Fred Stone, Senator Borah and Mussolini.

HENRY FORD as H. G. Wells, Charles E. Hughes, Connie Mack, Lord Bacon, John Barrymore, Walter Raleigh, Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, Will Rogers, King George V, Lloyd George and the Earl of Somerset.

KING ALFONSO as Irving Berlin, Kaiser Wilhelm, Paul Whiteman, Colonel Mitchell, Victor Herbert, Leonard Wood, Prince Carol, Will Hays, Fritz Kreisler, General Pershing, Leopold Stokowski and General Ballington Booth.

WINNERS of the GAY NINETIES CONTEST

IN the GAY NINETIES NUMBER of LIFE were published nine photographs of present-day celebrities as they appeared in or about the Nineties. The names of these celebrities were withheld, but hints as to their identity were furnished.

The purpose of the Gay Nineties Contest was to identify the subjects of these pictures and to assign in each case a reason for their fame.

The nine pictures, with the correct identifications, appear on the opposite page.

Following are the prize-winners:

First Prize—\$50.00

won by

ORSON ANGELL, Washington, D. C.

Second Prize—\$25.00

won by

HARRY L. MARSHALL, JR., Laguna Beach, California

Ten Third Prizes of \$10.00 each

won by

MRS. JOHN D. CARY, Richfield Springs, New York.

MRS. WILLIAM K. CONWAY, Washington, D. C.

MISS BELLE R. DOYLE, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

MRS. HOWARD FERRIS, JR., Yorktown, Virginia.

MISS ELIZABETH HOWARD MILLER, Batavia, New York.

MISS ELIZABETH M. NEWBOLD, New York City.

MISS PEGGY PERRY, New York City.

GEORGE ROBINSON, North Tarrytown, New York.

DAISY M. VAUCHER, Oakland, California.

MISS VALERIA W. WINTER, Wethersfield, Connecticut.

The prize-winning answer was as follows:

Picture No. 1. **CALVIN COOLIDGE** (at extreme left). Reason for his fame: He is the man nobody knew until he was interviewed by Bruce Barton.

Picture No. 2. **GEORGE M. COHAN**. Reason for his fame: The only Irishman who profited from the Pass Over of 1917 and '18.

Picture No. 3. **DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS**. Reason for his fame: He is the real gold dust kid of the Fairbanks family.

Picture No. 4. **THE PRINCE OF WALES**. Reason for his fame: He is England's glad hand across the seas.

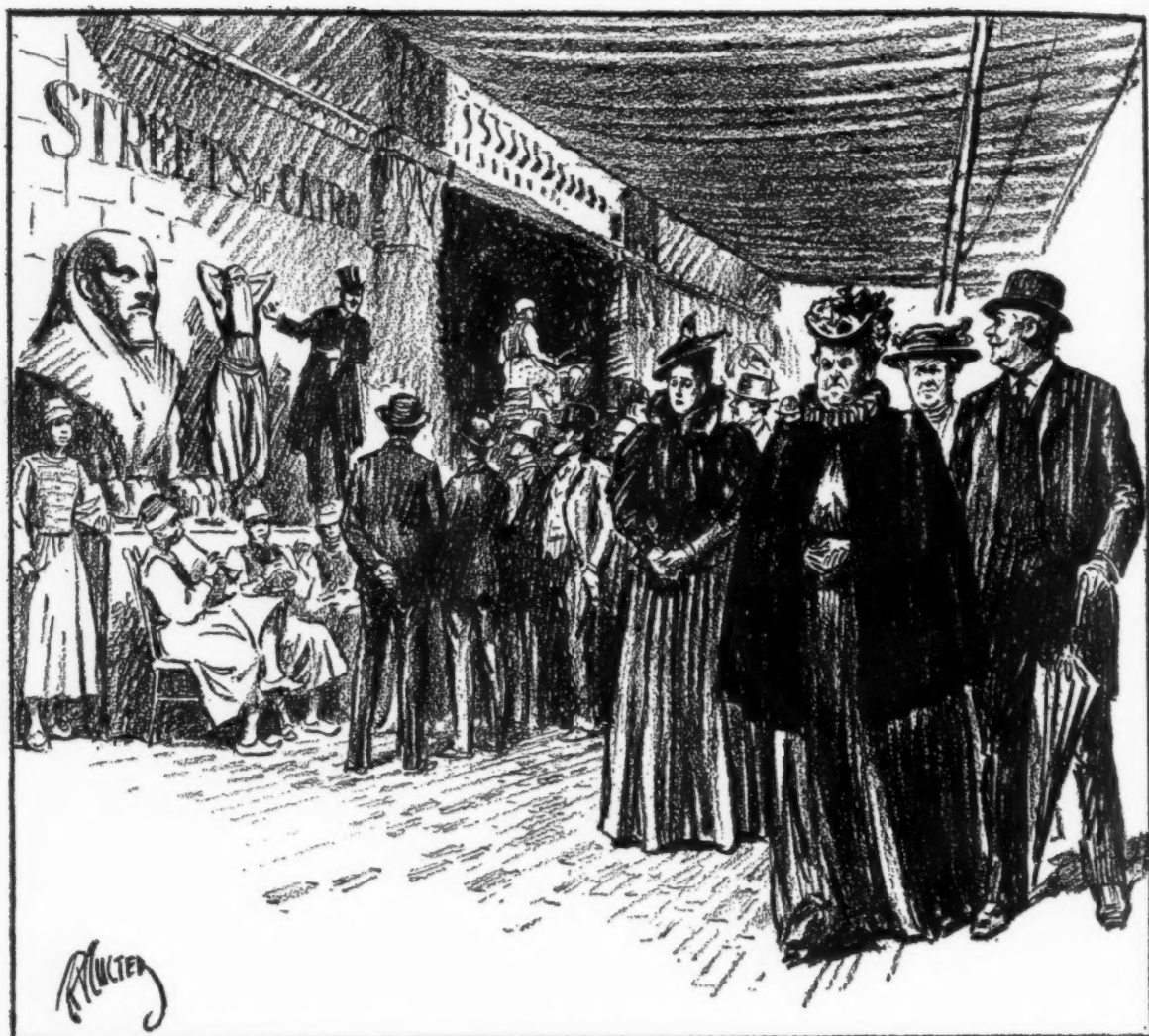
Picture No. 5. **CONSTANCE** and **NORMA TALMADGE**. Reason for their fame: Their sister married an actor.

Picture No. 6. **JOHN J. PERSHING**. Reason for his fame: He fathered America's bad French.

Picture No. 7. **JOHN J. MCGRAW**. Reason for his fame: He is the hero of "The Shooting of John McGraw."

Picture No. 8. **HENRY FORD**. Reason for his fame: He invented the parking problem.

Picture No. 9. **KING ALFONSO**. Reason for his fame: He is Europe's King of Hearts.



The Gay Nineties

THE WORLD'S FAIR AT CHICAGO INTRODUCED TO A STARTLED WORLD LA BELLE FATIMA, THE ORIGINAL "LITTLE LA-DEE WITH THE MAH-VELL-IOUS MUSCLE CONTROL" IN HER FAMOUS COUCHIE-COUCHE—A DANCE WHICH SOMEHOW PROVED MUCH MORE POPULAR WITH THE MALE POPULATION THAN WITH HER OWN SEX. AND THE TIN-PAN ALLEY OF THE PERIOD CASHED IN ON THIS POPULARITY WITH THE SONG:

*"She never saw the 'Streets of Cairo,'
To the 'Midway' she had never been;
She never danced the 'Couchie-Couchie,'
Simple little country maid."*

Two Good Losers Have an Accident

"SORRY, old top, I was going too fast. It was all my fault."

"Nonsense! I should have been looking where I was going. I insist I'm to blame."

"Oh, very well. But I smashed your mudguard."

"Don't worry about that. It's nothing. But you'll let me pay for the damage I have—"

"Certainly not! Never mention a thing like that or I'll surely lose my temper."

"You insist?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, good luck to you, my friend."

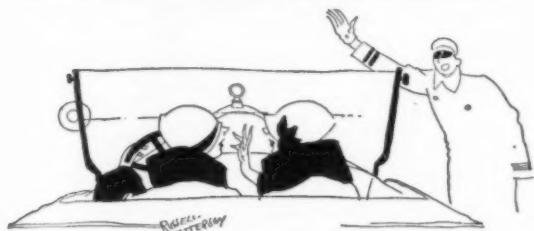
"Same to you. I hope we meet again."

Bill Sykes.

WIFE: Dinner is about ready. How long before you'll be out of the tub?

HUSBAND: Two more stanzas, dearie.

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"WELL, my dear, I've just seen the most exCRUCiating PLAY you've ever KNOWN because I mean it's ACTually the MOST ridiculous thing you've ever SEEN, my dear, because the NAME of it is 'GENTlemen Prefer BLONDES' or something and I mean it's simply CRAMMED with the most FOOLish kind of DIALogue because I mean it's supposed to be about two kind of IGNorant and unEDucated GIRLS who are sort of social PARAsITES or something and have gone to EUROPE or somewhere on a BENDER and I mean their converSation and everything, my dear, is ACTually the MOST absurd thing you've ever HEARD because I mean it's so kind of INFANTile the way they kind of exPRESS things all the TIME in kind of CHILDish WORDS or something because I mean they are not really NICE girls or anything, you see, but are ACTually really simply CHICKens and I mean ONE of them is supposed in this PLAY effect to be sent aBROAD for an eduCation or something by a kind of POISONOUS man who is a DRUMMER or something perf'ly reVOLTING like that in ChiCago or somewhere and I mean I think the PLAY is ACTually kind of imMORAL and everything because I mean you kind of get the iDEA that this OBJECTIONABLE DRUMMER person is really interESTed in this girl PHYSically and that all the TALK about her getting an eduCation in EUROpe is really just a JOKE. But I mean I kind of HATE kind of DEEP plays like that because I mean you never know WHEN to LAUGH or anything and I mean I ACTually didn't see anything to LAUGH at because I mean I think the way these kind of CHEAP girls talked was ACTually kind of overDRAWN and everything because I mean even CHIPPIES like those could not ACTually be so kind of DUMB—I mean I HONestly don't think they COULD!"

Lloyd Mayer.

Home Life

WIFE OF GUNMAN: What do you mean by hanging around the house? Get out and go to work! You haven't held up anybody in over a week!

The Temptress

YOU'D think, with all the age and sense
It has by now, that Providence
Would overlook my vaporings,
And turn its mind to bigger things.
You'd think, compared with flood and war,
My small concerns would be a bore.
But no! The world may go to pot
While I have service no one got.
For do I stretch myself, and smile,
And bask in peace a little while,
And rashly murmur, "Here is bliss"—
It cries, "We must look into this!
Too full her cup to bear a drop;
Well, well, this thing has got to stop."
Or do I weep me harsh and dry,
And raise my futile fists on high,
And curse my dam, and sob, and sweat,—
It says, "She ain't seen nothing yet"
(Considering this the latest slang).
So letting all the world go hang,
It sets itself to showing me
What true unhappiness may be.
Ah, could I tempt assorted gents
As sure as I can Providence,
A different story I'd rehearse,
And damned if I'd be writing verse!

Dorothy Parker.

Fairy Story

ONCE there was a veteran newspaper reporter who gave a young man some advice. He told him to get into the newspaper game.



Lost Recipe

Reporter: WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE MADE YOU LIVE SO LONG AND STILL ENJOY GOOD HEALTH?

Grandpa Zenias (106 years old): I HAD A SNAPPY ANSWER FORTY YEARS BACK, BUT I FORGET IT NOW.



THE MAN WHO TRIED TO MAKE SURE OF GETTING ON THE FRONT PAGE OF A TABLOID.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

October 27th Reading before breakfast in "My Mortal Enemy," I did fall a-pondering how Willa Cather might make out were she to put me in a book, and when I did ask Sam, he retorted that she would find herself in the position of the chameleon which tried to make good on a crazy-quilt. An ungallant retort, but an inevitable and self-ordained one, and the poor wretch was so pleased with himself for having made it that it was no trouble at all to persuade him into going out to the Twitchells' for over next Sunday, a task from which I had been shrinking for two days. So up and down to Dr. Schwartz to get my toe fixed, and when he did seek my aid and sympathy for the foot clinics in 125th Street, where he and his fellow podiatrists are struggling to relieve the pedal afflictions of the poor, I was reminded of the chiropodist's sign in Indianapolis, "What's the good of money if your feet hurt?" and could but reflect how much greater the agony must be for those without funds. Lord! when my feet pain me I can put my mind upon nought else, and I do be-

(Continued on page 34)

Americana

NATION Wild with Excitement Over Visit of Bulgarian Princess.... Twelve-Year-Old Red-Hot Mamma Beats Up Millionaire Sugar Daddy.... Not a Drop of Liquor in New York City, Says Prohibition Enforcement Official.... Ten-Billion-Dollar Graft Scandal.... Drunk Dynamites Hospital.... America Most Moral Nation on Earth, Says Famous Cornet Player.... High Officials Sell Army and Navy to Motion Picture Concern.... Many Injured in Stampede to Welcome Infant Javanese Channel Swimmer.... Modern Life Calm, Safe and Comfortable, Says Noted Ski-Jumper.... New Radio Loud Speaker Can Be Heard for Miles.... Elevated Train Crashes from Trestle.... Lady Evangelist Talks Daily with Angel Gabriel.... Famous Poet Signed Up to Write Publicity for Monster Prune Company.... Nation Frantic with Excitement Over Visit of Lettish Viscount.... Factory Turning Out Million New Fords a Month.

Robert Lord.



"HAS JACQUELINE ANY ENEMIES?"
"OF COURSE NOT—BUT ALL HER FRIENDS SIMPLY
LOATHE HER!"

The Big Game

"DID you hear about Jack and Ethel—they were married yesterday."
"That so? Who won?"

Rhymed Reviews

The World of William Clissold

By H. G. Wells

George H. Doran Co.

THOUGH Autumn ruled the golden dells

I had to sit and ponder this old
Two-volume spiel by H. G. Wells
About "The World of William
Clissold."

"A novel!" Wells maintains it is
In prefatory exegesis;
Yet I should term this work of his
An autobiographic thesis.

It speaks in no uncertain tone
Of H. G. Clissold's pet ideas,
The people Clissold-Wells has
known
And William's social panaceas.

This William, trained to think and
plan,
Pursuing chemical researches
Becomes a wealthy business man
With little use for thrones or
churches.

At fifty-nine, no longer young,
He calls our planet's case horrific;
And when the world sticks out its
tongue
He gives it Wells's Sure Specific.

He'll have this globe of groans and
tears
Controlled, in spite of fool ob-
jectors,
By scientific engineers
And business men as sole di-
rectors.

He talks and talks at great expense
Of all the varied thoughts that
fill him
Till Cousin Wells, in self-defense,
Is forced reluctantly to kill him.

This egoist who tells and tells,
This hard-boiled human alligator,
This H. G. William Clissold Wells
Remains a most entrancing prater.
Arthur Guiterman.

That Kind

FIRST COMMUTER: Have a
garden last summer?

SECOND COMMUTER: Yes; one of
those Peter Pan gardens—it never
grew up.



"WHAT'S THE RESULT OF THE EXAMINATION, DOC?"

"YOU'RE ALL RUN DOWN—MY ADVICE IS THAT YOU LAY OFF GOLF FOR A WHILE
AND GET A GOOD LONG REST AT THE OFFICE."

Want Ad Department

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE:

Seven first-class jokes, divided as
follows: 2 Sesqui; 2 Red Grange; 1
each, Jack Dempsey, English Chan-
nel and bathing girl. All are origi-
nal and have never been used or sub-

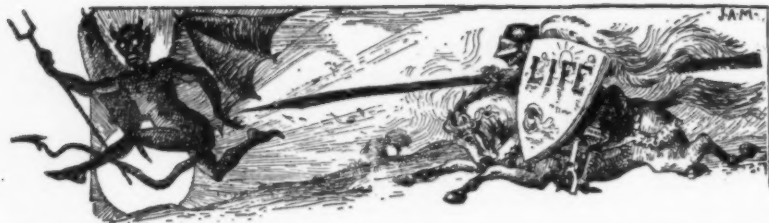
mitted to any magazine or news-
paper. Reason for selling? Owner
is buying a larger car. *Bill Sykes.*

AFTER all, it is Jazz that is the
Whiteman's burden.



Peg: GREAT HEAVENS! WHY DID HE MARRY THAT RICH OLD HAG?

Joan: HAD TO HAVE SOME ONE TO PAY HIS TWO ALIMONIES.



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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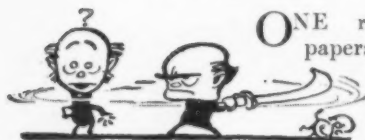
CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President

R. E. SHERWOOD, Editor

F. D. CASEY, Art Editor

CLAIR MAXWELL, Vice-President

LANGHORNE GIBSON, Secretary and Treasurer



ONE reads in the papers of an inquisition at Princeton University into the qualifications of Frank Buckman as a religious influence for Princeton students. There seems to be doubt whether he is good for them. Not many people know about him, but any one who is interested may find him and his proceedings described by Harold Begbie in a book four or five years old called "More Twice-Born Men." Mr. Begbie's famous book, "Twice-Born Men," described the spiritual operations induced by the Salvation Army and how they made men over. This later book describes how Frank Buckman does it, but it does not give his name. It calls him "F. B."

What Mr. Buckman seems to do is to give men new motives and driving power. The means which he seems to have at his disposal sometimes upset persons exposed to them, and none the less because they are spiritual means. That may be why he is scrutinized at Princeton. Or it may be the Princeton of Dr. West likes its students as they are, and does not want new men made of them. Or possibly it would be the parents who would object. Anyhow these little scraps in the papers are interesting evidences of a state of mind, and one that is very prevalent in this world and always was. Men object to becoming different. Institutions adapted to them as they are object to their becoming different. Parents whom they represent and express usually feel the same about it. Yet now that the election is over it can be said without prejudice that what

this world needs the most of anything is that a lot of people in it should be changed in many of their vital particulars. Our world needs to be born again, needs it badly, and is at least as reluctant to face that process as Princeton seems to be to have "F. B." transmogrify any of her children.



CERTAINLY this world needs new men. Men now active in it will do if they can be made over so as to see things differently or see different things. There is Judge Thayer, of Massachusetts, who tried Sacco and Vanzetti and after seeing them convicted faces now a large unwillingness, by no means confined to radicals, to have them executed without being tried some more. If "F. B." could get at Judge Thayer and switch him to another point of view, he might still be a good hand to conduct the future proceedings about these two Italians. But since he would probably not be susceptible to "F. B.'s" influence, the sooner these convicts come under consideration of some other judicial mind the better it would seem to be for all hands. They have been a great expense to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Nobody wants to try them any more for the sake of any entertainment there is in it. But Massachusetts deserves high credit for the strength of sentiment in that State in favor of a new costly and laborious deal for these men because of the existing doubt whether they are actually guilty of the crime they

were tried for. Now and then a long, tiresome, very expensive law case to determine somebody's guilt is worth while. The Tichborne trial in England was worth while, and certainly the Parnell trial was. Possibly all the protracted fuss at law in the Mills-Hall case is worth while. If justice did not show now and then that it is really on the job of detecting innocence and punishing guilt, it might lose the very moderate respect for it the public now has.



THE election was not so sweeping as those great winds that lately tore up Southern Florida and Cuba, but it was more of a jolt than the California earthquake. Really it jolted a good deal. Mr. Coolidge and the Republican Party have gone on for two years marking time and promoting prosperity. Prosperity seems to have had as much promotion as it will stand at present and the Republicans may have to feel in their bag for some new tricks. There is very little political leadership in the country and symptoms of its presence are more observed in the vicinity of Alfred Smith, of New York, than of any one else. Mr. Coolidge can hardly be rated as a political leader, though he has interesting qualities as a politician and a sound character. Olvany says it looks like Smith for 1928. Possibly. But it is safer to say that it looks like a new Republican candidate with a new line of ginger in his composition. Going along the road steadily, keeping always to the right, may have done its turn. If it is necessary now to speed up and strain the traffic regulations, whom have they got besides Charles Dawes? The great job immediately ahead is the international job. Whom have the Republicans got that has shown a spirit of notable helpfulness about that? Mr. Borah? Hardly. Mr. Kellogg? Yes, to some extent, but none so conspicuously as General Charles Dawes of the Dawes Plan.

Anti-Volstead went big in New York. That is another job—to improve the rum laws. All the politicians ought to be for it after the demonstrations of the late election.

E. S. Martin.



"For what we are about to receive—"



The Call for V



Call for Volunteers

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

An American Tragedy. *Longacre*—Just the kind of play you might expect from the novel, and you may take that as a very dirty crack.

Black Boy. *Comedy*—The story of a colored prizefighter's rise and fall made notable by the rich presence of Paul Robeson.

Caponsacchi. *Hampden's*—To be reviewed next week.

The Captive. *Empire*—A really fine play dealing quite inoffensively with a subject which it can do no possible harm to discuss. Helen Menken and Basil Rathbone head the cast.

Civic Repertory Theatre. (14th St.)—Eva Le Gallienne's company at worthy work. See daily papers for plays.

The Donovan Affair. *Fulton*—This is all right unless you happen to have lost interest in dinner-party stabbings.

The House of Usher. *Mayfair*—Very mild but very tenacious.

Just Life. *Morosco*—Marjorie Rambeau in something from the butcher's.

The Ladder. *Mansfield*—To be reviewed next week.

Loose Ends. *Ritz*—To be reviewed next week.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—Lenore Ulric making the most of a spirited rôle, with Henry Hull following her from Harlem to Paris.

Naked. *Princess*—A play by Pirandello, with Augustin Duncan. To be reviewed later.

The Noose. *Hudson*—Regulation melodrama, dealing with the old one about the Governor's pardoning power.

The Pearl of Great Price. *Century*—Reviewed in this issue.

Pygmalion. *Guild*—To be reviewed later.

Seed of the Brute. *Little*—Reviewed in this issue.

Sex. *Daly's*—Don't bother.

The Shanghai Gesture. *Forty-Sixth St.*—Florence Reed in a high-powered drama of sin and shame among the inventors of gunpowder.

The Squall. *Forty-Eighth St.*—To be reviewed later.

The Woman Disputed. *Forrest*—How one young lady kept her honor practically intact through the Great War. Ann Harding and Lowell Sherman in opposite corners.

Yellow. *National*—Fair-to-middling melodrama.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—At a luncheon given last week to celebrate the 2000th performance of this play, the editor of this page very nearly choked to death on a bit of clam-shell. Or perhaps it was from embarrassment.

Autumn Fire. *Klaw*—Better than most Irish importations.

Broadway. *Broadhurst*—A tale of New York's underworld told with absolute perfection of detail.

Daisy Mayme. *Playhouse*—Another characterization to be added to George Kelly's incomparable list.

Fanny. *Lyceum*—Not much of a play but Fannie Brice comes back again in it.

First Love. *Booth*—To be reviewed later.

Gentle Grafters. *Music Box*—To be reviewed next week.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. *Times Square*—The book put on the stage, with uncanny likenesses furnished by June Walker, Edna Hibbard and G. P. Huntley.

Henry—Behave! *Bayes*—A fairly funny farce, with John Cumberland.

If I Was Rich. *Eltinge*—Practically all Joe Laurie, Jr.—but why not?

The Judge's Husband. *Forty-Ninth St.*—You know William Hodge—well, here he is.

The Little Clay Cart. *Neighborhood*—Look in the papers and see if they aren't doing "The Lion Tamer," too. That is quite nice. So is this.

The Little Spitfire. *Cort*—If this were the only play in town we could catch up on our reading.

Loose Ankles. *Garrick*—Some good spots dealing with the home-life of the gigolo, and some spots that aren't so good.

Old Bill, M. P. *Biltmore*—To be reviewed later.

On Approval. *Gaiety*—Pleasant badinage, with Wallace Eddinger heading a small and excellent cast.

The Play's the Thing. *Henry Miller's*—A play by Molnar, with Holbrook Blinn. To be reviewed next week.

Sure Fire. *Waldorf*—Entertaining exposure of small-town clichés.

They All Want Something. *Wallack's*—This has been an unlucky year for Mr. Tilden.

Two Girls Wanted. *John Golden*—Pleasant.

We Americans. *Harris*—The national melting pot as the locale for a well-done play.

What Every Woman Knows. *Bijou*—Helen Hayes helping Barrie out beyond all precedent.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Americana. *Belmont*—Satirical and small. With Roy Atwell and Lew Brice.

Castles in the Air. *Selwyn*—Vivienne Segal and Bernard Granville in much the same as usual.

Countess Maritza. *Shubert*—A superior score well sung. Very Viennese. Yvonne D'Arle and George Hassell. Also Carl Randall.

Criss-Cross. *Globe*—Fred Stone and family, expert as usual but no funnier.

Gay Paree of 1926. *Winter Garden*—To be reviewed later.

The Girl Friend. *Vanderbilt*—Every one knows this music by now, especially Puck and White.

Honeymoon Lane. *Knickerbocker*—Nothing startling, but Eddie Dowling is there—also Florence O'Denishawn.

Iolanthe. *Plymouth*—The last word in Gilbert and Sullivan.

Katja. *Forty-Fourth St.*—All right, as such things go.

Oh, Kay. *Imperial*—To be reviewed later.

Queen High. *Ambassador*—Among the best, with Luella Gear, Frank McIntyre and Charles Ruggles.

The Ramblers. *Lyric*—Those old burlesque favorites, Clark and McCullough, in a big show.

Scandals of 1926. *Apollo*—George White's biggest and best.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—Why not see this again?

Vanities of 1926. *Earl Carroll*—A girl show, with Julius Tannen, Moran and Mack, and Dale and Smith.

The Wild Rose. *Martin Beck*—William Collier, Joseph Santley and Desirée Ellinger in a nice show.



Florist: WANT TO SAY IT WITH FLOWERS? YES?

ABOUT TWO DOZEN ROSES, SAY?

Bobbie: NO, ABOUT SIX—I DON'T WANT TO SAY TOO DAMN MUCH!



Virtue Breaks Even

CHASTITY gets a little better than an even break in the theatre this week, for while it is made to look pretty silly in "Seed of the Brute," it crashes through, under a heavy overhead, to a magnificent finish in "The Pearl of Great Price." The only trouble is that they don't give you the impregnable maiden's name in "The Pearl of Great Price." They just call her *Pilgrim*. So she can't be used as evidence in a court of law to prove that such a thing really does exist on the stage.



IN "The Pearl of Great Price" we have what is slyly called a "morality play," on the order of "Everyman." That is, the characters all have generic names like *Idle Rich*, *Lust*, *Orgy*, *Prudence*, and, accent-marks being what they are in a program-printer's shop, *Blase*. We must also note for posterity that the eight little girls who bounce in attendance on *Luxury* (Miss Julia Hoyt) are named *Flip*, *Flounce*, *Flirt*, *Pert*, *Primp*, *Swish*, *Stewl* and *Smirk*. And a hoydenish little crew they are, you may be sure. Always up to something. The family name of these eight sisters is not given on the program, but it would be funny if it were Rothapfel. *Flirt Rothapfel*. Or even *Flounce Rothapfel*. . . . Oh, well, enough of day-dreaming!



THE plot of "The Pearl of Great Price" is easily told. It concerns the unbelievable inconvenience that a young girl named *Pilgrim* is put to in her fight to retain the jewel given to her by her dying mother. (Effie Shannon has no other name on the program than *Mother of Pilgrim*, but we gather that it is *Pernicious Anemia* to her friends.) This "pearl of great price," need we add, is Honor, Virtue, Chastity, or what have you?

Well, the time that that girl has! Living cloistered as you do, you wouldn't believe it. If we said that she was beset from every side we wouldn't be exaggerating a bit. *Despair*, *Fame*, *Hunger*, *Idle Rich*, *Luxury*, *Pander*, *Preen*, *Pride*, *Queer*, *Quill*, *Smug*, *Want*, *ad ante*, *con*, *in post*, *præ*, *pro*, *sub* and *super* and sometimes *aus*, *ausen*, *bei* and *mit*, all take the dative and all conspire to rob *Pilgrim* of her jewel. But the memory of *Pernicious Anemia* and the vision of *Love* (in the healthy person of Reggie Sheffield) serve to strengthen *Pilgrim*, and she comes through clean, much to the joy of the

hollyhocks around the door of her old cottage. It is all very exciting.

And the Shuberts, as if to square themselves for the money they have lavished on the Winter Garden in the past, have given bountifully to the good cause in a highly spectacular production. So let us all give this little girl a hand.



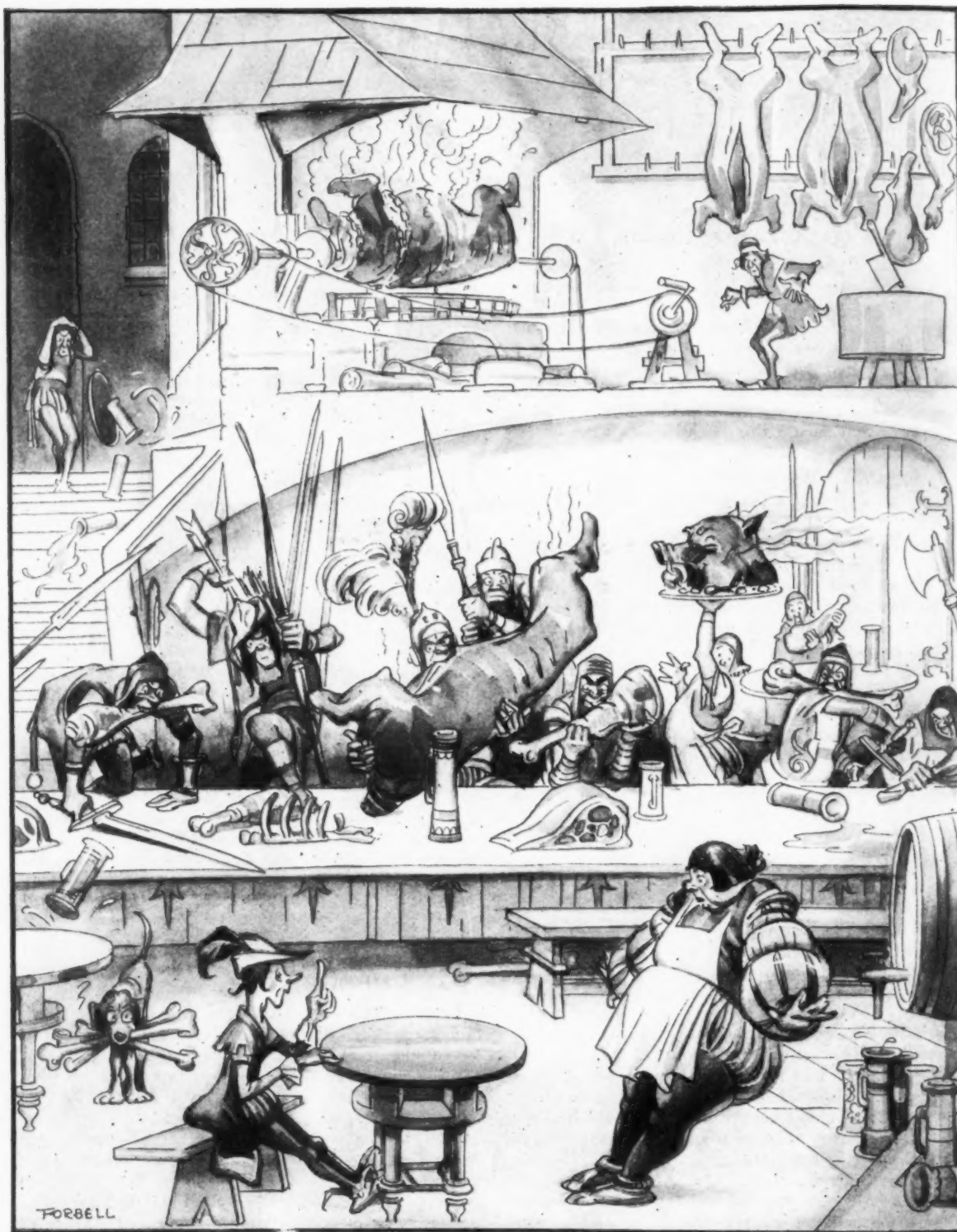
IN "Seed of the Brute" we find a more pessimistic outlook. Not only is sin rampant but almost without fail it is productive of results which manifest themselves in the subsequent census. *Calvin Roberts* (vividly portrayed by Robert Ames) was evidently the original of the man in the story who owned a bicycle. He was a veritable King Midas in the social life of that section of Illinois. In practically every field of endeavor to which he turned his hand, he found himself confronted by some son or other of his. In the end his proud spirit is crushed to earth by the still prouder spirit of one of his informal family group. It served him right, and yet one can't help admiring the man.

Were it not for a weak first act and a still weaker third, "Seed of the Brute" would be a play of considerable power. In other words, the second act is swell. Mr. Ames, Mr. Cooper, and Miss Hilda Vaughn combine in making a tremendously dramatic scene which we would consider good enough to make up for the weak spots. The author, Mr. Knowles Entrikin, has had a fine idea and has brought part of it to life. This ought to count for something.



AND may we offer it as our opinion that of the two plays "The Pearl of Great Price," in spite of its high moral tone, is the more immoral? "Seed of the Brute" uses bad words and ignores several moral codes entirely, but it furnishes the spectator with no complimentary boxes of salve for his conscience. "The Pearl of Great Price" will give countless matinee audiences of women the opportunity to humor their *voyeur* tendencies under the pretext of attending a "morality play" and will result in a much smaller enrollment in the Vineyard Workers' Association than "Seed of the Brute." If women want to see that kind of thing on the stage (and statistics show that they do in tremendous droves), they ought to be made to get it in plays like "Seed of the Brute" where it will take their breath away so that they can't giggle.

Robert Benchley.



In Ye Goode Olde Dayes

THE FIRST MAN TO ORDER A VEGETABLE DINNER

How to Be a Bank Vice-President

PRACTICE sitting for long periods of time gazing straight ahead and thinking of nothing at all. Scowl.

Walk occasionally to window and stand looking weightily out, twirling thumbs behind back. Scowl.

Clear top of desk of all paraphernalia except clean sheet of green blotting paper. Draw pictures on blotting paper. Scowl.

Learn to bawl out an office boy without fearing come-back.

Repeat the following sentences until you are letter perfect: "No, sir, Mr. Moddy will not be in to-day. Is there anything I can do?...Certainly, miss. George, bring the lady a new calendar....Well, some prefer the long checkbooks and some the folding ones....I am

sorry, madam, but I fear you would not entirely understand the intricacies of the process. If you could have your attorney call on me....Tell Mr. Morgan, Willie, that I can give him five minutes of my time at two o'clock....Foreign Exchange? Hmm. Well, yes, and no....I am going out to lunch, Miss Stevens—won't be back."

At least twice a day call for the



Nubbville Spark

LUCIFER LONEY, WHO TOOK A TRIAL BATH IN HIS NEW BATHROBE YESTERDAY, REPORTS THAT HE MIGHT JUST AS WELL HAVE CLUMB INTO THE TUB WITH HIS REG'LAR DUDS ON.

E-to-G Index, January, 1896. Cast eyes suspiciously up and down columns of Page 238. When you have gained attention of others, bring pad of paper from drawer and jot down the following: "Spring 1200; Chelsea 6494; Yale 14, Dartmouth 7; 54-40 or fight; Apt. 3-B; 8.30 P.M., 54 West 74th, ring top bell." Compare memoranda with Index. Have Index returned. Destroy memoranda.

Call in A-to-C receiving teller (Mr. Nicoll) and ask him if everything is going all right. When he answers in affirmative shake head portentously but refrain from comment. Leave Mr. Nicoll with impression something ominous is in the air.

Have uncle who is bank president. *Tip Bliss.*

Shortest Romance in Print

THOMAS JAY HEMINHAW inherited sixty thousand dollars. So he invited his girl friend to take in a few night clubs.

Next day they used the other two dollars for a marriage license.

Grad Meets Grad

"**WHY**, hello, Dick, old man—how's the bond game?"
"Fine, thanks—how's the football business?"



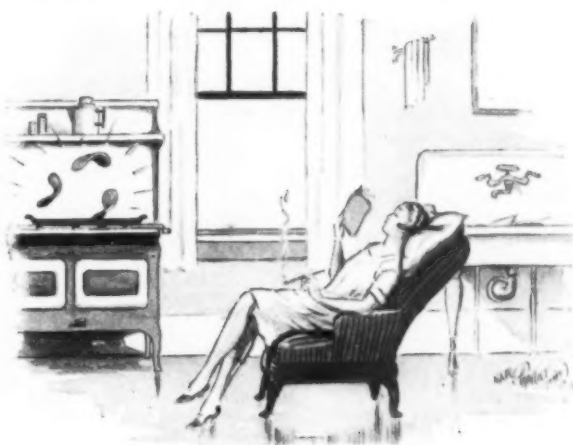
Sculptor: YOU SAY YOU WANT A JOB AS A MODEL? HAVE YOU EVER HAD ANY EXPERIENCE?

Model: OH, DEAR ME, YES! I POSED FOR RODIN WHEN HE MODELLED "THE THINKER."

100% American

EDITOR: See here, you've stolen the plot for your story from Balzac.

AUTHOR: I did not! That's one of O. Henry's.



YOUNG MRS. WILLERKINS IS SO LAZY SHE PUTS POPCORN IN HER PANCAKES TO MAKE THEM TURN THEMSELVES.



"Bardelys the Magnificent"

IT is impossible to write a review of "Bardelys the Magnificent" without making some mention of Douglas Fairbanks. The Fairbanks manner, method and mood are constantly apparent throughout this rollicking drama of giddy old France.

At the start, John Gilbert, the hero, makes a wager (bets are always wagers in stories of this type) with Roy D'Arcy, the villain, that a certain cold, aloof lady may be persuaded to listen to reason within a given period of time.

Then the rapiers begin to flash, and continue to do so throughout some seven thousand feet of perforated celluloid. Like Stephen Leacock's celebrated character, Mr. Gilbert leaps upon his milk-white steed and gallops off madly in all directions. He outrides, outfights and outwits all manner of opponents, and ends up with an escape from the gallows that is worthy of Doug Fairbanks at his most imaginative.

King Vidor directed "Bardelys the Magnificent," and he has made a briskly amusing picture of it. His

start is slow, and he has lingered a trifle too long on some of the amorous passages between Mr. Gilbert and Eleanor Boardman. The finish, however, is satisfactorily breezy, and that is the important thing in romantic melodramas of this type.

FROM "Bardelys the Magnificent" I have derived an idea for a scene in the Great American Movie. The hero and the villain are engaged in a duel, and are not pushing over any furniture as they prance about. The hero knocks the villain's sword from his hand, but then *does not give him a chance to recover it.*

Instead, he plays safe and runs the swine through without further delay.

"The Prince of Tempters"

THOSE who enjoy nothing so much as the sight of Ben Lyon heaving and sighing through long close-ups (there are evidently plenty who do) will be perfectly delighted with "The Prince of Tempters." Herein this popular star is allowed to register flaming passion, grim determination, sobbing

contrition, ineffable ecstasy and black despair—and he does it all with the same set of facial muscles that is given to such obscure mortals as you and I.

Personally—speaking as one who has the temerity to consider Mr. Lyon an exceedingly bad actor—I found "The Prince of Tempters" positively painful. But when you think that I didn't even like Eugene O'Brien's performance in "The Great Lover," you will realize how hopelessly wrong I can be.

There are stray moments of expert direction in "The Prince of Tempters," these being contributed by Lothar Mendes, who has lately been imported from Germany. Mr. Mendes is said to be a graduate of the same school that produced Lubitsch, Murnau and Dupont; if so, he has displayed commendable alacrity in forgetting almost everything that he learned.

He is now taking a course in the school that produced Cecil B. De Mille, and is getting along nicely. If he continues to turn out junk like "The Prince of Tempters," he is sure to make himself very popular in Hollywood.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

The Magician. Alice Terry and others in a melodrama with occult overtones, directed artlessly by Rex Ingram.

The Temptress. Something or other about Paris and South America, with the new Wonder Girl of the Silver Screen, Greta Garbo.

The Ice Flood. Personally, I'd rather have a Frigidaire.

Kid Boots. Eddie Cantor and Clara Bow in a very pleasant comedy.

The Ace of Cads. Admirers of Adolphe Menjou (as who wouldn't be?) are advised to pass this one up.

The Better 'Ole. Syd Chaplin in a rough-and-tumble movization of Bruce Bairnsfather's unforgettable war cartoons.

It Must Be Love. A fairly entertaining story of a delicatessen store, featuring the sprightly Colleen Moore.

The Waning Sex. Norma Shearer in a waste of time.

Gigolo. Stupid post-war activities in Paris, with a fine performance by Rod La Rocque.

Tin Gods. Thomas Meighan and Renée Adorée enliven a rather dreary drama about the collapse of a bridge builder.

You'd Be Surprised. A funny and fairly satirical mystery story, with Raymond Griffith as a high-hatted coroner.

Diplomacy. Regardless of the state of your bank account, you can easily afford to miss this.

Hold That Lion. Douglas MacLean as an unwilling big game hunter in Africa.

So This Is Paris. Evidently Ernst Lubitsch didn't try very hard this time.

The Strong Man. Harry Langdon needs no encomiums. There he stands.

Don Juan. John Barrymore makes love, but not sense.

The Show-Off. The doings of a Philadelphia family, sympathetically, humorously and truthfully recorded.

Battling Butler. Buster Keaton as a meek young man who suddenly becomes lightweight champion of the world.

One Minute to Play. The old football plot, rendered much better than usual by the surprising talent of Red Grange.

Ben-Hur. A stupendous amount of money.

Beau Geste, The Scarlet Letter, The Black Pirate and Variety. Still recommended.

For Review Next Week—"The Sorrows of Satan" and "So's Your Old Man."



50 BODY STYLES AND TYPES
500 COLOR COMBINATIONS

THE nation-wide Cadillac Silver Anniversary Salon opened the eyes of America still more fully to the sharply radical change which Cadillac's individualization of the automobile introduces into fine car buying.

Now the public understands how richly Cadillac, with its 50 Body Styles and Types and its 500 Color and Upholstery Combinations, has, in this, its twenty-fifth year, added to the satisfaction which may be derived from motor car ownership.

This new turn which Cadillac has given to the history of the motor car is of much the

same importance as if, in a world of dreary architectural sameness, the possibility of making every house entirely different, were suddenly to relieve the dead monotony.

No matter how strongly individual a person may be, he can choose from among the 50 Standard and Custom creations of Cadillac a car that in slightest, most minute detail conforms to his requirements. And that car becomes still more his individual own, when he selects its exterior and interior trim from among the practically endless variety of Cadillac's 500 color and upholstery combinations.

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N'AI MEZ QUE MOI
(Love Only Me)

LE NARCISSE NOIR
(Black Narcissus)

CARON CORP. 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Hollywood Idyl

"HELLO, Moe."

"Hello, Joe."

"Workin'?"

"Nope. You?"

"Nope—but I got somethin' sweet lined up: friend o' mine knows a guy related to Jesse Lasky's chauffeur. So the next time they need a scenario editor over there——"

"I'm expectin' some gravy, too: I met a dame who's got a cousin that knows a guy who used to go to school with Louis Mayer's brother. So I'm practic'ly set out at Metro."

"Boy, ain't this a tough business!"

"Baby, ain't it just!"

"Listen, Moe—wanna buy a beach club membership dirt-cheap?"

"Nope—but I'll sell you my bran'-new Lincoln plenty cheap for cash."

"Well—see you some more over at the club."

"Gimme a buzz pretty soon, old-timer."

"S'long, Moe."

"S'long, Joe."

Robert Lord.

A Good Guess

STRANGER: Who represents this district in Congress?

CITIZEN: Wayne B. Wheeler.

What They Know

WHAT EVERY BUTCHER KNOWS—How to run a garage better than any automobile man.

What Every Garage Owner Knows—How to run a department store better than any department store owner.

What Every Department Store Owner Knows—How to run a manufacturing plant better than any manufacturer.

What Every Manufacturer Knows—How to run a theatre better than any theatre owner.

What Every Theatre Owner Knows—How to run a butcher shop better than any butcher.

F. H. W.

Fast Work

"IF it hadn't been for his wife, Jones would have spent every cent he had in the world."

"How did she manage to stop him?"

"She didn't exactly stop him; she beat him to it."

SMART New Yorkers only stay in their New York homes while deciding where else to go. In the winter you'll find them at Pinehurst, N. C. — the Center of Good Times. Golf and all outdoor sports.

Carolina Hotel, famous for its tempting menus and luxury of service, now open. Every room with bath. For reservations address General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

Only 16 hrs., N. Y. C., thru car.

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA



Progress and Approval

For Dodge Brothers, Inc. 1926 stands out on the calendar as a year of unprecedented progress and success.

From January to date sales have exceeded any previous year's total by a margin at once impressive and significant.

New engineering records have been established by a succession of major improvements extending back to the first of the year.

Never has Dodge Brothers Motor Car ranked so high in public favor. Never before has it so richly deserved the world's good will.

*Sedan \$895—Special Sedan \$945—De Luxe
Sedan \$1075—f. o. b. Detroit*

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



"MOTHER, I WANT TO GO TO BED A LITTLE EARLIER TO-NIGHT."

"WHY?"

"I WAS THINKING OF SAYING MY EVENING PRAYERS A COUPLE OF WEEKS AHEAD."

—Karikaturen (Oslo).

Mr. Pepys' Diary

LAST night I lingered in ye town
And drank some potent
bumpers down.

My wife, poor wretch,
with face of gloom,
Was waiting as I
sought my room.
She heaped reproaches
on my head,
And so to bed.

—Louisville
Courier-Journal.

Corroboration

A class in a London school was set to write about "Mother." When the teacher came to mark the exercises he noticed that two boys, brothers, had written almost the same words.

"John," he complained to the boy he knew to be the culprit, "you've written just what your brother wrote."

"Yes, sir," came the reply, "it's the same mother."—London Daily News.

What This Country Needs

CONTRIBUTION to criminology attributed to Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, health commissioner of Chicago, by the Murray Ice-Cream Company in an advertisement:

"If there is one way of preventing crime it is to feed people and children ice-cream."

—American Mercury.

Guests Expected

ON the boulevard of Ramleh, Egypt, two native ragpickers met at five in the morning. Both stopped at the same moment in front of a heap of trash on the top of which reposed a large cabbage stalk, and as one started to snatch it the other checked him with a gesture.

"If you please," said he with dignity, possessing himself of the stalk. "My wife is entertaining friends at dinner to-day."

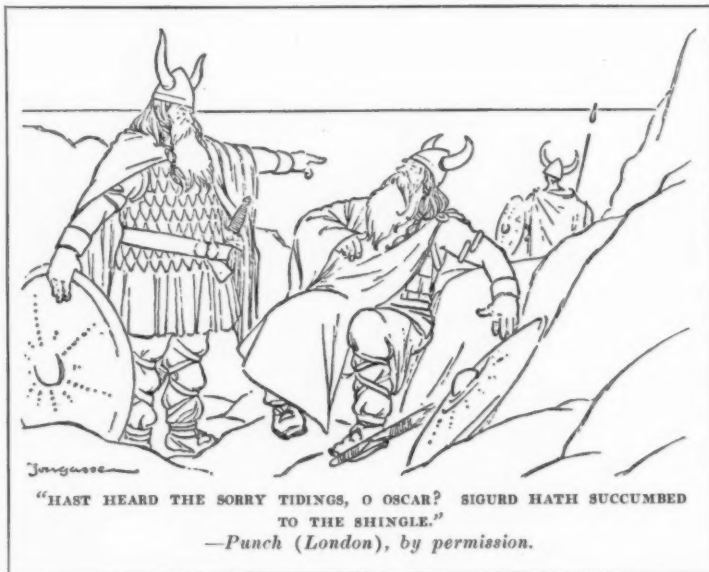
—Maalèsh (Alexandria).

Some Do Not

"How did you come out on your hunting trip?"

"Oh, I broke about even. I got back alive."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

EVOLUTION in four words: heads win; tails lose.—Toronto Goblin.



"HAST HEARD THE SORRY TIDINGS, O OSCAR? SIGURD HATH SUCCUMBED TO THE SHINGLE."

—Punch (London), by permission.

The Imitators

SPEAKING of one of his works to a critic, a dramatic author said, with the consciousness of modest worth: "It has had many imitators."

"Yes," replied the critic, "especially beforehand."—Weekly Telegraph.

AMERICANISM—"He isn't a real thief. He took it from the Government."

—Columbia (S. C.) State.



"WHAT IF WE SHOULD UPSET, WANDA?"

"IT WON'T MATTER—THIS LIPSTICK IS WATERPROOF."

—Meggendorfer Blätter (Munich).

Highly Colored

"BREDEREN, we must do something to remedy de status quo," said a Negro preacher to his congregation.

"Brudder Jones, what am de status quo?" asked a member.

"Dat, my brudder," replied the preacher, "am de Latin for de mess we're in."

—Outlook.

Taken at His Word

BURGLAR: Ye needn't worry, mum—I'm politeness itself to a lady.

LADY: Then be so good as to telephone for the police.

—Boston Transcript.

Or Sooner

"To think," exclaimed the enthusiastic young husband, "that by the time we get all this furniture paid for we shall have genuine antiques."—Detroit News.

Opening Day

"How did the college get such a bad name?"

"More men reported for football than were enrolled in school."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

"WATER is the best drink God ever made."

"Yes, but Man has done pretty well for himself."—Yale Record.



Conversation

—Simplicissimus (Munich).

What's the Answer?

THIS little exchange of repartee was heard at one of the Jesse James resorts the other week, when the cigarette girl was collecting from a reluctant customer.

"Vat, feefty cents from vun package Luckys?" demurred the egg man. "Vat do you think I am?"

"I don't know," yawned the girl, "but whatever the answer is, you're the only one of it."—*Broadway Breeze*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Individual Close-Ups

A NEW beauty culture, said to be popular in London, includes the exercising of the face by pouting, smiling and rolling the eyes. The end of the film supremacy of Los Angeles is now in sight.—*Humorist (London)*.

Bluntly

TRAFFIC COP: Did you ever ride a jackass?

FRESHMAN DRIVER: No.

TRAFFIC COP: Well, you ought to get onto yourself!—*Brown Jug*.



Jerusalem the Golden

HERE is a story from a book just published. An old mining prospector was being solaced on his sick-bed by a clergyman, who told him of the Heavenly Jerusalem, "the streets of which are paved with gold." "Excuse me, parson," interrupted the dying man, "are you quoting from the prospectus or from the battery report?"

—*Public Opinion (London)*.

Wine jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Net Profit

EXTRACT from a letter received by residents in the Far East from one of their young daughters at school in England: "I realize that Daddy must pay a lot of money to keep us at school and we must try and learn something. I am learning to play tennis."—*Punch*.

Success

BIOGRAPHY (in the 1960 manner): "Left a golf orphan at an early age, he overcame every handicap and rose to greatness."—*Detroit News*.

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A FRENCH CAR OF SUPREME BEAUTY AND MECHANICAL PERFECTION FOR THOSE AMERICANS WHO APPRECIATE THE BEST GIFTS OF THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW.

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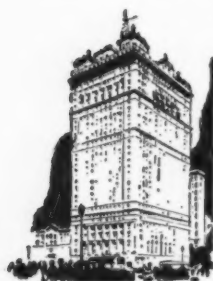
DETROIT'S FINEST HOTEL



*"Sleep that knits
the raveled sleeve of care"*

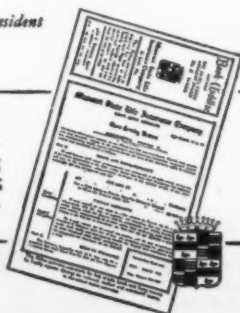
When you retire at night in the Book-Cadillac Hotel, we believe your sleep will be sweet and sound . . . Your room will be high, seven stories or more above the street, so that all strange sounds are tempered until they're barely heard . . . You'll find the beds marvelously soft and yielding; so yielding and soft that they're remembered the world over, they can't be forgotten . . . And so with nights made still by height, with only the infrequent sounding of deep-throated, musical, far-away whistles of lake freighters, with the city and its night life far below, with beds that are as soft as old pillows—you'll sleep and you'll tell of it for days . . . There are 1200 rooms all

with bath, all with outside air, and 560 are priced at four and five dollars. We'll welcome you here! We'll do our utmost to make your visit memorable and pleasant. Men say that it is one of America's great hotels.



THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL COMPANY
DETROIT
Roy Carruthers, President

WITH your lodging paid for, you will find attached to your receipt an accident insurance policy. Its cost is not charged against you. For 48 hours it guards you and your family, paying \$5,000.00 for accidental death; \$2,500.00 for loss of limb; and \$25 weekly over a long term for wholly disabling injuries.



Heavyweight Championship Requirements

Past

HAD to be able to fight with bare fists to a finish—anywhere from one to two hundred and eighty-five rounds.

Present

Must have four-years' course in journalism.

Must have thorough knowledge of stocks, bonds and other investments.

Must have library containing works of all great orators.

Must have good beauty specialist skilled in facial surgery.

Must have belief he can act and be willing to go into the movies.

Should be able to put on soft gloves and box from one to ten rounds every three or four years.

R. W.

Inside Football

"THE first order of business is a discussion of the football evil," announced the President of Peroxide College as he called the weekly meeting of the faculty to order. "Football is overshadowing the scholastic side of college life; it is undermining our institutions of learning. In view of this serious situation, what is the sense of this body?"

"Frankly, I am not qualified to vote on the matter," replied the Professor of Mathematics. "I have invented a new system of numerical signals, and the coach has signed me up as one of his assistants."

"Neither can I cast an unbiased vote," declared the Professor of Psychology. "Our star quarterback intends to turn professional and has engaged me as his press agent."

"And the fullback wants me to write his autobiography," spoke up the Professor of History. "He has had many flattering offers, but, as you know, he can't write."

"The center is courting my daughter," interjected the Dean of Men, "and it would be extremely

"Allow me to interrupt, gentlemen," said the Treasurer. "I have just received a telegram from the left end's father, offering to give Peroxide the largest stadium in the State."

"In that case," declared the President, "I shall entertain a motion to increase the salaries of the entire coaching staff. . . . Carried."

Robert Hage.

Society Note

MR. JONES has been going to town every night on account of the radio set his wife bought to keep him at home.

\$ 960 to
\$ 2125



Junior Coach DeLuxe
Equipped as illustrated
\$1,075 f. o. b. Lansing



Model "60" Coupe-Roadster
7-bearing Crankshaft Motor
\$1,495 f. o. b. Lansing

THREE years ago something new in medium priced cars was offered to the public, and a new era in motor car history began. Vibration annoyances were eliminated. A 7-bearing crankshaft did it. Flint introduced this important improvement.

And today the Flint still leads its field in performance, mechanical superiority, and long-lived value. Flint quality is available in three chassis sizes, all standard body types, and three price ranges. See any Flint dealer for a demonstration.

Flint Junior \$960 to \$1,075; Flint "60" \$1,260 to \$1,495; Flint "80" \$1,450 to \$2,125 f. o. b. Lansing

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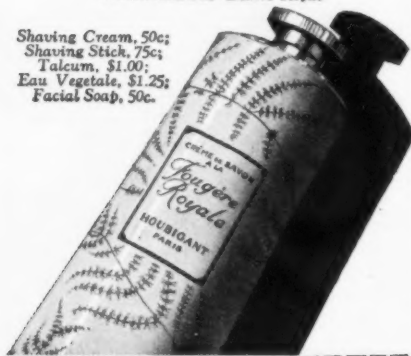
Men are asking how! -not why

HOW to shave quicker, easier and more comfortably—that's what men want to know. An essay could be written about the magic lather of Fougere Royale (Royal Fern) Shaving Cream, but two or three Fougere Royale shaves will tell you all you will ever need to know about shaving comfort. Fougere Royale never leaves a soapy odor; cools and benefits the skin. Most any druggist can help you to dozens of these better shaves in the economical 50-cent tube. Or a ten-shave sample tube will come to you promptly if you will use the coupon below.

Fougere Royale Shaving Cream

Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal

Shaving Cream, 50c;
Shaving Stick, 75c;
Talcum, \$1.00;
Eau Vegetale, \$1.25;
Facial Soap, 50c.



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539 West 45th Street, New York City

I want to try Fougere Royale Shaving Cream. Here is my dime.

Name

Address

Mrs. Pep's Diary (Continued from page 16)

lieve the most expedient thing which can be done by those who are desirous of forgetting some unpleasantness or tragedy is to wear boots which are a size too small. To luncheon at the Lafayette with Dot Smith, making a fine meal on clams, eggs Sardou and potatoes allumette (which, God knows, I have no business to touch), and D. did tell me about a Scotchman who could not brook the idea of attending a fiftieth wedding anniversary until he happily hit upon taking a pair of goldfish as a present, and it did remind me of the time when Sam, having done himself too well at a class dinner, did bring home in a milk bottle some of the infinitesimal goldfish which had swum in the centerpiece and, somewhat sobered and at a loss to dispose of them or account for them on the morrow, had dumped them into our own aquarium of the moment, and how the next morning the parlour-maid had credited Park and Tilford, our own brace of goldfish, with nocturnal reproduction. For the stretch of a week, too, I did stand out for a miracle, in spite of everything that Mr. Holden and William Beebe said, forasmuch as Sam did keep mum until he heard that the newspapers were about to make inquiries.

October Slept late, a w a k e n e d
28th finally by my servant Florence's request for twenty-eight dollars, and inasmuch as it was to pay for the cleaning of some rugs, I did part with the money reluctantly, albeit I daresay I should not have given the matter a second thought had it been demanded of me by a bootlegger. Which does show the inconsistency to which certain phases of our civilization have reduced us. With Amy Dickson to look for upholstering material, and was impressed by her choosing the stout, smooth-finish stuff which is now being used on yachts and verandahs, and did say so, whereupon she retorted, After this, when they come and lift their glasses up to Williams or Amherst or Princeton, I shall be perfectly safe if they happen to tilt or drop them. Thence home, finding Sam in a great rage for that he could not remove the top from a shaker of special cocktayles he had mixed, and arriving just in time to stay him from cleaving a hole in it with a hatchet. Moreover, the refractory top responded to my first gentle twist of it, which caused my husband to regard me more reverently than is his wont.

Baird Leonard.



Winter's coming~ time to go

The South Sea breeze is whispering in your ear.

WHEN you sight your first flying-fish from the promenade deck—a gliding streak of silver on a sea of flashing blue—you'll know Hawaii's near!

At home when footsteps crunch chill on snowy streets, here in Honolulu's bay diving boys sport about your ship. Tropical vines blaze with fragrant blossoms over your outdoor table.



Inexpensive

\$400 to \$500—that's enough for a leisurely four or five weeks' round trip from the Pacific Coast—including first-class passage each way and all hotels, sight-seeing and incidental expenses for two or three weeks in this island paradise. Another vast hotel at Waikiki; another great liner now building.

Sail direct from any Pacific Coast port—San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Vancouver—return by another, if you like. Your local railroad, steamship or travel agent can book you right from your own home. See him. And write today for illustrated booklet in colors.

Hawaii

HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU

227 McCANN BLDG., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
OR 355 FORT ST., HONOLULU, HAWAII, U. S. A.

The Whole Day Ruined

DINNER that night was a solemn affair. Few touched the delicious turkey which Aunt Bertha had cooked for them. Uncle Tad tried to swallow his soup, but he choked and it went down the wrong way. Father and Mother wept disconsolately on the fruit salad. They were in no mood to eat.

Little Alfred gulped as he tasted the cranberry sauce and pushed it sadly away. "Mummy," he cried, "is God in His Heaven, or isn't He?"

President Coolidge had failed to deliver the Thanksgiving Proclamation. N. R. J.

Immune

"DOCTOR, will you get this splinter out from under my thumbnail?"

"My dear man, we no longer waste time extracting splinters. I will give you an injection of our new anti-splinter serum and you can forget about splinters for the next seven years."

ADD Last Similes of 1926: As completely forgotten as Addison Sims.



Harmonicas Make a Happy Christmas

Everyone delights in receiving a musical instrument that he can play; and anyone can play a Hohner Harmonica.

If you want to give happiness with your gifts at Christmas-time give Hohner Harmonicas—a happy thought!

Leading dealers everywhere carry the complete line of Hohner Harmonicas—50c. and up.

The Free Instruction Book, containing favorite musical selections arranged for the harmonica, is available at dealers or direct. M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 223, 114 East 16th St., New York.



Keeps Your Hair Neat— Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair once or twice a week,—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day, just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes

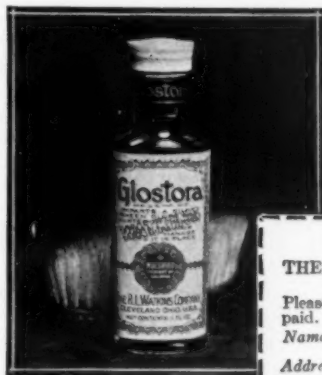
it pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as waxy pastes and creams do. Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it! See how easy it is to keep your hair combed any style you like, whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.



A generous sample FREE upon request.

Send This Coupon and Try it FREE

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1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE, a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name.....

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In Canada address
THE R. L. WATKINS CO., 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto 2-Ont.

How to Keep a Moth Out of the Flame

INSTITUTE cover charge at flame. Moth will become bankrupt. Go to work.

Show woolen suit to moth. Moth will leave flame. Enjoy banquet on suit. Die of overeating.

Make moth buy check before using flame. Moth will go to wrong cashier. Will try again. Fail. Be

referred to next counter. Go crazy.

Feed moth Fleischmann's yeast. Moth will improve. Become new insect. New insect not attracted by flame. Will fly away. Write testimonial.

Fill cheeks with air. Discharge at flame. Flame will go out. So will moth.
W. W. Scott.



Sore throat

Soothing and Healing

A few drops of Absorbine, Jr. in water, used as a gargle, destroy germs, relieve irritation and soothe the inflamed tissue.

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The Monotony of Excitement

MY wife threw her newspaper down with a gesture of not only boredom but actual disgust.

"Evidently you don't like the news to-day," I remarked.

"News!" She came as near to snorting as it is polite to insinuate a woman ever does. "News! I don't know whether I like it or not. I can't find any in this paper. I only wish I could; I'm getting hungry for some real news. But it simply isn't printed any more; at least, none worth reading is printed any more—none that's interesting. All you get in a paper is just a mass of words—just the same old day-after-day stuff about accidents, bootlegging, counterfeiting, divorces, elopements, fires, grafting, hi-jacking, indictments, jazz, kidnaping, larceny, murders, notables, obituaries, peculations, quackery, reformers, suicides, taxes, ultimatums, vamps, wrecks, Xantippes, yes-men and zanies in general. I wonder what they get the newspapers out for, anyway. Certainly not to tell the news. Why don't they put something entertaining into them? Surely somebody somewhere is doing something worth mentioning. But the papers can't find out about it. They keep on printing the same old stuff. I'd like to know what's going on in the world!"

Looking 'Em Over

THE happy middle-aged couple were out strolling.

"There's the first house we planned, dear," said Mr. Bingg. "Glad the Bees built it. We'd have lost money on it."

"Yes, but it looks nice. Too bad they went bankrupt," replied Mrs. Bingg.

"There's another new home, on that lot we almost bought. Too bad the contractors took it away from the Dees."

"Yes, but think of the Tees, over across the boulevard. You know we spent some evenings with them, planning that Dutch Colonial style. I hear her father paid the sixty thousand over the expected cost."

"Yes, and old John Tee had to take over the bank stock his son held. Isn't it foolish to try to build, with so many lovely apartments?"

"You said it, Henry. Let's go and inspect the Van Ayes' place. The sheriff sells it at auction tomorrow."

"That so? Well, let's look at it. Wonder if it's as cozy as we had it figured on paper."

James A. Sanaker.

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says BOYD, architect



he means

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After the shampoo, comb your hair with Glo-Co Hair Dressing to keep it in place.

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Among the New Books

Galahad. By John Erskine (*Bobbs-Merrill*). An amusing revelation of what life might have been like at King Arthur's court in the terms of our own vernacular, and an indirect accounting for its hero's super-idealism.

Introduction to Sally. By "Elizabeth" (*Doubleday, Page*). One of my favorite authors tells the story of the most beautiful girl in the world in her characteristic and highly diverting fashion.

Hildegard. By Kathleen Norris (*Doubleday, Page*). According to the jacket, "the drama of a girl's courageous fight to overcome the most formidable obstacle any woman ever faces."

There Ought to Be a Law. By Don Herold (*Dutton*). A creditable contribution to contemporary humor.

The Keys. By Margaret Deland (*Harper*). New characters in Old Chester.

Custody Children. By Everett Young (*Holt*). Another story of New York society centering around a girl who lived with each of her parents on part-time.

Page Mr. Tutt. By Arthur Train (*Scribner*). Ten episodes in the career of Ephraim Tutt, attorney-at-law extraordinary.

Power. By Lion Feuchtwanger (*Viking Press*). An engrossing historical novel of Germany in the early Eighteenth Century.

Harmer John. By Hugh Walpole (*Doran*). To be reviewed later.

The Second Book of Negro Spirituals (*Viking Press*). James Weldon Johnson and J. Rosamond Johnson add sixty-one songs in a new volume to their collection of last year.

Light Fingers. By Frank Lord (*Bobbs-Merrill*). The hero was born in prison, but even at that, etc.

Young Folk, Old Folk. By Constance Travers Sweatman (*Morrow*). A novel of the younger set in St. Paul, if you can bear up under such news.

The Romantic Comedians. By Ellen Glasgow (*Doubleday, Page*). Additional evidence on the mating of May and December.

Read America First. By Robert Littell (*Harcourt, Brace*). A series of papers on topics intensely American.

Understanding Ourselves. By Harold Dearden (*Boni & Liveright*). Interesting scientific discourse on the fine art of happiness.

An Autobiography of Abraham Lincoln (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Personal portions of letters, speeches and conversations collected and compiled by Nathaniel Wright Stephenson. B. L.

Books Received

Denatured Africa. By Daniel W. Streeter (*Putnam*).

Gifts of Fortune. By H. M. Tomlinson (*Harper*).

Strangers. By Dorothy Van Doren (*Doran*).

The Collected Parodies of Louis Untermeyer (*Harcourt, Brace*).

Roundabout to Canterbury. By Charles S. Brooks (*Harcourt, Brace*).

The Clean-Up. By Mark Lee Luther (*Bobbs-Merrill*).

Thinking About Thinking. By Casius J. Keyser (*Dutton*).

Winnie-the-Pooh. By A. A. Milne (*Dutton*).

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FOR THAT COUGH!

Memoirs Unwritten

LAST week I started to write my memoirs. I have always been a voracious reader of memoirs, and consider myself reasonably familiar with the technique. I wrote:

"My father and mother were, I suppose, in advance of their time, for they held to the theory that growing children should be surrounded by beautiful objects. When as a boy of five I awakened in the morning, the first thing on which my eyes fell was a picture of—"

At this point doubt, in the shape of a cloud no larger than a man's hand, appeared on the horizon. Doubt, I mean, as to whether I was qualified to be a writer of memoirs.

I found that I could not describe the picture upon which my five-year-old eyes first rested at dawn. It worried me. No other memoir writer would have hesitated for a moment.

Doggedly I resumed:

"—the first thing I saw was a handsome picture in a faded gilt frame."

To be honest, I must admit I was not at all certain that the frame was gilt, or that the gilt was faded, but I felt that the bit of description, though inadequate, saved my face.

Once recovered from the momentary setback, I got along splendidly and swung into full stride as I approached the account of my first meeting with a celebrity.

The celebrity was Rutherford B. Hayes, who was at that time in great demand as a speaker at dedications of soldiers' monuments. On one such occasion he was my father's guest, and I remembered vividly how his ready wit kept the family in gusts of laughter.

"What," inquired my father, "in your opinion, General, is the chief weakness of the argument against civil service reforms?"

"Without an instant's hesitation, General Hayes replied—"

Then came the sickening realization that I could not remember what General Hayes replied. I recollect that it was most amusing, and that for years it formed the basis of my father's most successful anecdote at lodge conventions. But that was all.

It was at this stage that I felt the hopelessness of my handicap. To be a writer of memoirs, I concluded, one must have been trained from childhood to remember everything that is likely to be needed for a book. But my son is destined to atone for my failure. At six he has taken, with prodigious success, all the memory courses. He remembers everything, and I predict that his memoirs will be a masterpiece of accurate recollection. S. K.

Next Week—



Farm Horse: WELL, OF ALL THE CRAZY HARNESS, THAT'S THE DARNEDEST I EVER SAW.

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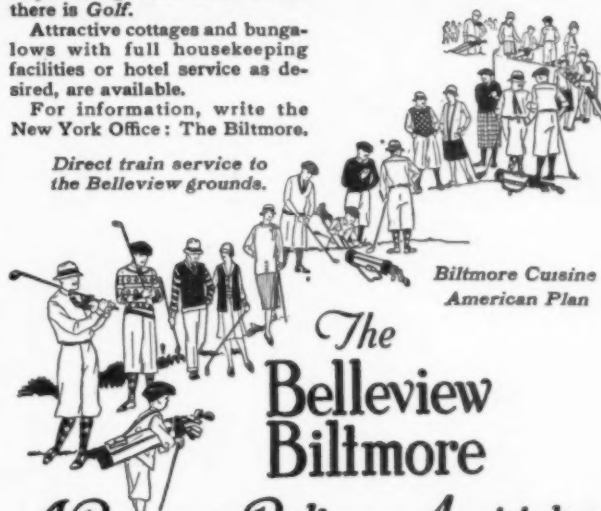
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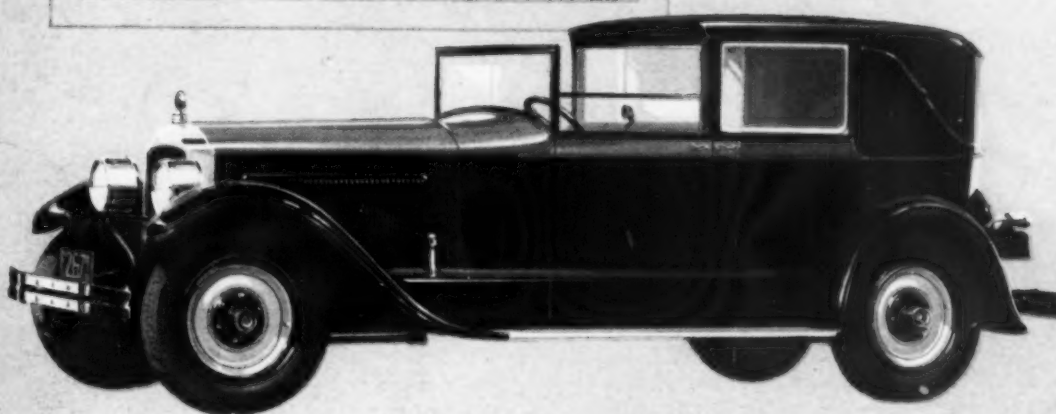


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